

THE UK'S HOTTEST WOMEN'S MAGAZINE

Scarlet

FOR GIRLS
WHO GET IT

SWINGING
IN SUBURBIA

SEVEN MEN
YOU SHOULD AVOID

FIRST TIMERS
TRY SOMETHING NEW...



EXTRA
MAG

Contents

APRIL 15

C ON THE COVER

21 7 MEN TO AVOID... C

If you want to stop meeting Mr Wrong

5 FULLY LOADED

AI Needham warns of porn's off-the-peg sexuality

6 SEXPERTISE: KINKY VANILLA

Exotic tricks from kinky couples to make your vanilla love life that little bit sweeter

11 REPORT: THE THING ABOUT LOVE...

Scarlet asks prominent female writers in different decades of their lives to reveal everything they know about love

14 EMILY-AT-LARGE: LOVE HURTS

Our roving reporter tries out a range of torture equipment on a very willing victim in Dominatrix school

17 SEXPERSITSE: SWINGING IN SUBURBIA C

Bestselling writer Suzanne Portnoy samples some, er, nibbles at a semi-detached sex party

20 REAL LIFE: LOVE AT FIRST BITE

Scarlet gets its teeth into the pastimes of vampire lifestylers – fangs an' all

22 SCARLET ICON: ANAÏS NIN

The fabulously naughty author gets the Scarlet salute

24 TREATMENT T&T

The mobile manicure moseys into Scarlet town

25 CLITERATURE C

The hottest stories available anywhere in the UK

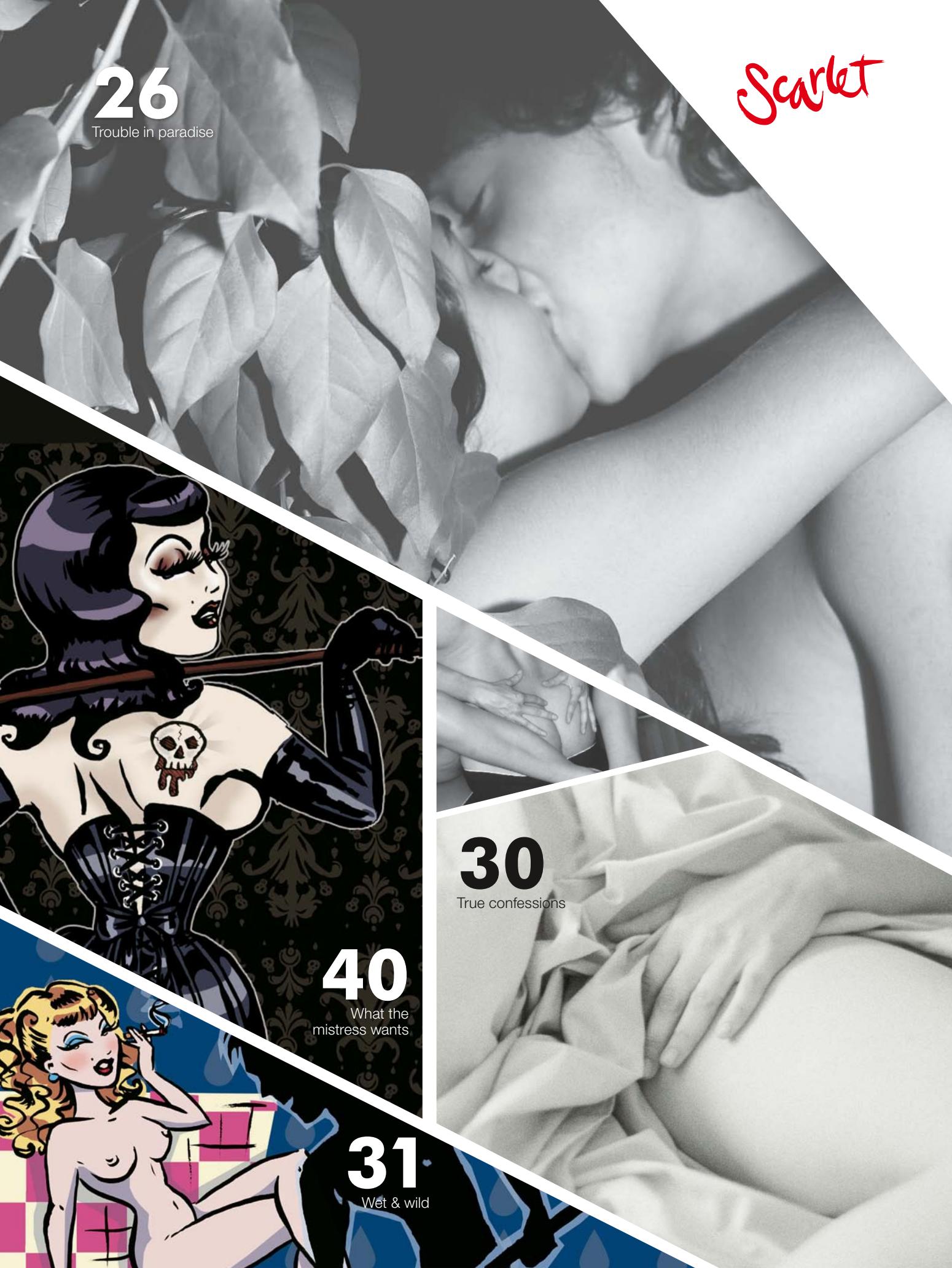
46 SCARLET PLEASURE AUNTS

Pleasure Professor Louise Van Der Velde lends a sympathetic ear

48 VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Would you leave everything behind to follow your lover?
It worked for Helen Whitaker





26

Trouble in paradise

Scarlet



40

What the
mistress wants



31

Wet & wild



30

True confessions

7 MEN TO AVOID

Always meeting Mr Wrong? **Dave Early** tips you off about the men you should delete from your address book – now

1 The 'Con' Man

Confidence is perceived as an attractive quality. Unfortunately beneath the surface lies a considerably less attractive truth. For most men, confidence is an act and the ability to perform it well only appears when he doesn't find you particularly attractive. One thing you can trust is that the less self-assured the man is as you approach him, the more likely he is to find you irredeemably gorgeous.

2 The Showman

You'll hear the life and soul of the party before you see him as he believes loudness, rather than timing, is the key to comedy. If you manage to wrestle him away from his peers, he may seem inconceivably dull without his handpicked audience and their conditioned responses. The more you attempt to engage him in one-on-one conversation, the less he'll shine – his interaction with the world was never meant to be a two-way thing.

3 The Educator

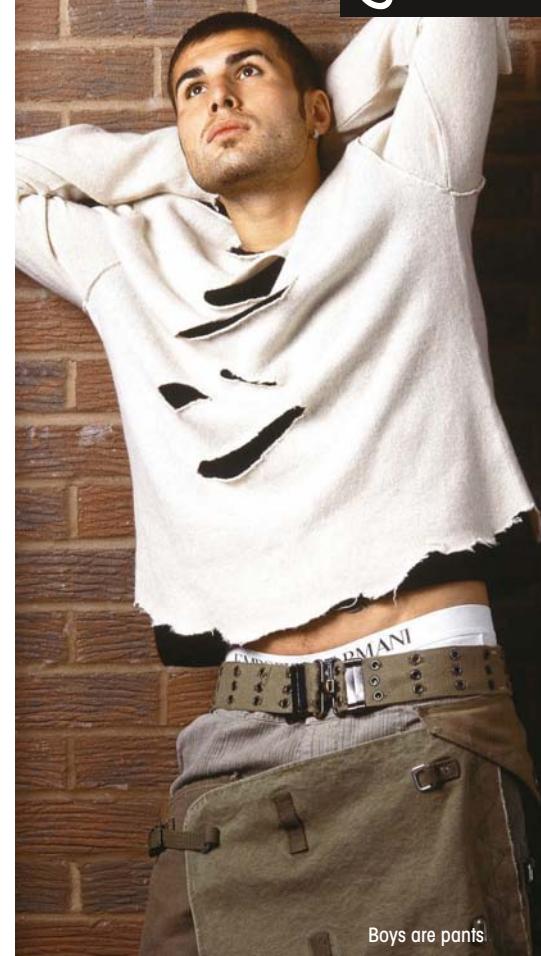
The elder, the scholar, the deluded ignoramus. Battling with his own limited adventures, he tries to pass on his extensive knowledge of the anthropological journals he has spent years studying at the expense of ever getting laid. Should you dare to demonstrate elements of understanding, experience and intellect, he'll take it as a personal slight and further emphasise his patronising

tone. He's not seeking an equal to share profound debate with over an overpriced caffeinated beverage. No. He's looking to impart his veritable wisdom with predatory cunning and to initiate sexual coupling with such sweet nothings as, "Hush now, little one. You know you want this".

4 THE COOL GUY
How could you not envisage a long-term loving relationship with him? Genuinely laid back. Genuinely easy going. Genuinely couldn't give a toss about you.

5 The Not-So-Cool Guy

Unable to master 'cool', this man simply comes across as rude and dismissive, and unfortunately these traits prove to be no better than his true characteristics. This man is riddled with insecurities, leading him to adopt a misinterpreted guise with the sole intention of ensnaring the very women he strongly resents for making him have to adopt said guise in the first place. All



Boys are pants

this, and he can't even manage a bit of faux coolness. What a loser.

6 The Child

Clothes don't make the man, but they do most definitely make the boy. The leading shoulder, the exaggerated limp, the pants on display, the dangerously retarded facial expressions coupled with nonsensical sounds emanating from the corner of the mouth – either your nan's had a stroke or there's a kid in the pub. Unless you're kept passionately rapt by the insightful prose of 'Fiddy C' it's probably best to avoid any male whose pants you can see long before you've reached the bedroom.

7 The Conversationalist

There's a distinct difference between nervous, debatably endearing, Hugh Grant-style rambling and utter social ineptitude. Anyone who takes the ice-breaking query of what he does for a living as a request for an incessant eulogy on the unappreciated complexities involved in the recruitment industry deserves a table all to himself. Let him have it. ↗



fully LOADED

Beware of pornoganda, the propoganda of porn, says **Al Needham**

When I was given my first jazz mag by a mate, the door was slammed shut on my sexual development

I never thought I'd see myself writing this, but here goes: the mainstream porn industry is in recession. Thanks to sites offering free adult entertainment, legal sales of DVDs and magazines are crashing through the floor. Vivid Video, America's biggest and most successful porn-monger, has announced mass redundancies. People who have spent most of their careers getting laid are now getting laid off.

Obviously, this is a terrible blow for porn stars and anyone desperate to see if there are new plot developments in *Anal Hovercraft 72*, but there's a definite upside. To counteract the lull in trade, mainstream porn corporations are targeting a new audience – a discerning one, one that demands quality over quantity, expects superior standards and is prepared to pay for what it wants rather than dip into the extremely dodgy lucky bag of free online smut. Are your ears burning yet, Scarlet readers? Well, they should be.

Yep, when it comes to pornography, women are the new target audience. And this is a good thing, right? There'll be more films aimed at women where female participants appear to be in charge and – heaven forbid – enjoying themselves, rather than the usual carousel of suspiciously loud orgasms on horrible sofas. But there's also a downside to this potential pornucopia: you could end up as shallow and fucked up as men.

Let me take you back, by way of explanation, to my early teenage years. I was too small to reach the top shelf, my dad didn't leave any copies of *Mayfair* in his garage, and the only bit of porn on offer was usually ripped up and found around the enormous bins at the back of school. Somehow, this lack of

pornography didn't stop me wanking; I was merely forced to imagine what the female members of Bucks Fizz looked like naked or what it would be like to snog Trisha Yates in *Grange Hill* instead, that's all. Practically everything seemed up for grabs. If I was aroused by something, I'd investigate it further.

And then I was given my first jazz mag by a mate, and the door was slammed shut on my sexual development. When you start consuming porn you're basically being handed an off-the-peg sexuality that goes as follows for men: Blondes are better than brunettes, who are better than redheads. Stockings and suspenders are great, and sex without them isn't as good. Oral sex consists of a woman sucking off a man for 10 minutes, and him vaguely flickering his tongue in her direction for half a minute in return. Massive tits are great, and anything smaller is a bit of a let-down. Most importantly, women don't really like sex (unless they're nymphos, and therefore mad), so men have to con or coerce them into bed, but they love it really, and end up screaming like banshees after a few minutes of him humping away. Oh, and doing anything else is really suspect, and possibly even a bit gay.

After a few years of pornoganda – the propoganda of porn – this nonsense has a fighting chance of being adopted as a viewpoint. You may have noticed it in every partner who ever bought you tacky underwear and every one-night stand who attempted to relieve himself over your face. Porn has left men psychologically maimed. So, enjoy the current spate of female-friendly viewing, but don't be taken in. Just because porn boys have well-oiled six-packs, nine-inch dicks and a preference for being spat on in place of using lube, it doesn't mean the rest of us will. 





kinky

old-fashioned



Va-va-voom your vanilla sex life with try-at-home tips from the fetish scene

words: laura godman

Whips and chains may not be your thing, but even the most vanilla couples can learn a sublime trick or two from fetishists, say the experts. "While many people find comfort in seeing themselves as 'vanilla', pushing the envelope on occasion can revitalise a person's sex life and open the door to new sensations and pleasures," says Dr Yvonne K Fulbright, author of *Touch Me There! A Hands-On Guide to Your Orgasmic Hot Spots* (Hunter House).

Maybe you feel too shy to even think about introducing a kinky twist into your sexual repertoire, but a little experimentation can actually boost your sex-esteem. "One of the most important benefits to finding your 'inner kink' is good, old-fashioned sexual confidence," explains Dr Pam Spurr, Scarlet's resident Pleasure Aunt and author of *Fabulous Foreplay* (JR Books). "When you start allowing yourself to try new things, you'll find your confidence grows."

To discover just what kinks the world has to offer, Scarlet spoke to some major players on the fetish scene and asked them how their sex tricks could work for curious vanilla couples. What you are about to read may shock you, but with an open mind it may also lead you to places in the bedroom that you've never been before...

THE FETISH: SPLOSHING

From smearing cream all over each other's bodies to a full-on food fight, splashing's all about having messy fun. "Food fights and pie battles might seem bizarre, but they're a great way to release sexual inhibitions and have childlike fun," says Hayley Brown, spokesperson for Sploshuk.co.uk.

"For a woman who spends her life in a business suit worrying about her appearance to completely let go and behave like a messy kid with a man, rather than trying to impress him, is wonderfully liberating. And food can provide a fabulously squishy form of lubrication on your naked bodies when you slide around together."

Vanilla Tip: Michelin Foreplay

Prepare an evening of erotic food-play with your lover. To protect surfaces, lay down waterproof sheets on your bed or floor (Hayley recommends cheap shower curtains) and then go to the supermarket together, but instead of regular shopping, look specifically for foods you'd like to rub on or lick off each other. As you shop, whisper to your lover exactly what you'd like to do with that jam and where you want him to squirt that whipped cream. By the time you hit the check-out, you'll be gagging to get home and start dinner.

"Covering each other in food means you spend time licking places you might never have paid attention to before," says fetish model-turned photographer Zille Defeu, "and you're bound to find new erogenous zones along the way."



THE FETISH: BALLOONING

Balloon fetishists – sometimes known as looners – find balloons sexually appealing for various reasons, including their texture, smell and surface tension, and the thrill of popping them. "Looners jerk off with balloons, fuck them in the nozzle and bounce on them while masturbating," explains Katharine Gates in her book *Deviant Desires* (*Juno*).

"Couples can also ride balloons or press them between their bodies during sex."

Vanilla Tip: Lubey Loon

This tip is bound to be popular (sorry) with your man. Buy a big balloon – the longer and wider the better – and cut off the nozzle, then squirt lube inside, so that it fills up about a third of the way. Next, stretch the lube-filled balloon over your man's member and rub it up and down his shaft for his wettest hand-job ever. He and his balloon will be bursting with excitement.

THE FETISH: MEDICAL PLAY

"The thought of a sexy doctor or nurse taking care of a needy patient is extremely stimulating," says MedicalToys.com's Sebastian Wood. "As a patient you're somewhat helpless – your carer could be kind and gentle, or take advantage of your situation. Just the sound of a latex glove snapping as it goes on to a nurse or doctor's hand, or of stainless steel instruments clanking



Covering each other
in food
means you spend time
licking places
you might never have paid
attention to before

One partner pretends to be a gigantic creature presiding over their playmate who in turn acts like a tiny helpless mite



on their metal tray can make us nervous, yet curiously excited."

For hardcore medical fetishists, play can involve a range of procedures, from anal dilation and administering enemas to needle play and urethral sounding (sliding a steel rod into the eye of his penis – ouch! – a procedure we *don't* recommend).

Vanilla Tip: Sensory Check-up

To play doctors and nurses, blindfold your patient with bandages for an authentic touch (we like Boots Stretch Bandage, £1.59), then tell him he needs a thorough examination as you lead him into the 'surgery' (your bedroom). Using more bandages, tie his wrists and ankles to your bed, making sure the binds aren't so tight as to restrict circulation. With your patient deprived of sight and the ability to move, you can tease him mercilessly. Tell him how thoroughly you must examine him and let him hear the intriguing noises of the various instruments you've already laid out in your 'surgery'. Moving cutlery on a plate will create the sound effect of surgical steel tools on a tray. Also, let him hear the snap of latex gloves going on (self-tan mitts like St Tropez Latex Gloves, £2.50, Boots, will suffice), and the squirting of lube – ID Glide (£5.99, IDLube.co.uk) is particularly useful if your patient is open to an anal examination.

Proceed to play with his sense of touch by conducting various 'examinations': run the back of a cold spoon over his nipples to test his reflexes, then suck them with your hot mouth; massage his testicles with lube warmed in your hands then spread open his thighs; stroke a lubed finger across his perineum and watch to see if he opens his legs further to allow you inside. By the time you decide to 'cure' him he'll be in sensory overload and desperate to 'get better'. Set him free, then tell him all the medicine he needs is between your legs.

THE FETISH: GIANT FANTASY

As the name suggests, this form of power play features one partner pretending to be a gigantic all-powerful creature presiding over their playmate, who in turn acts like a tiny helpless mite. The appeal lies in the feelings of control and surrender, respectively.

Katelyn Brooks is a 22-year-old 'giantess' based in the US, who runs her own site (KatelynBrooks.com) dedicated to the giantess fantasy. She says, "Nothing gets me soaked faster than

imagining I'm towering over a city. Some days I imagine discovering a shrunken town outside, where I force the villagers to sacrifice their lives to pleasure my pussy. Other times I want to be gentle, using a shrunken slave as a dildo."

Vanilla Tip: The Cock Skyscraper

Have your man lie face-up on the floor, then stand above him, either naked or in a short skirt, knickerless, so he has a tantalising view as you tower

Mr and Mrs Mukki, a husband and wife team who photograph erotic cannibalism scenarios professionally for their website MukisKitchen.com, explain, "For the 'food' there's the feeling of being hungered for; for the 'cannibal' there's the complete domination of his or her dish; for both there is the sensuous feeling of preparing the flesh, and the combining of two of life's most sensual acts – eating and sex."

co.uk, which sells a variety of approved electrical play equipment. But for the more vanilla approach, try this...

Vanilla Tip: Cock Shocker

"Vibrators can replicate elements of the sensation aspect of electric play," says Mistress S. "Use a multi-speed vibe on a low setting on his nipples, balls and cock to assess his reaction. If he likes it, experiment with different speed settings. For the most extreme reaction, when

Gag them by asking them to bite down on an apple, then gently brush honey over their skin

over him. "Imagine his body is a tiny city and his cock the city's pride – a towering skyscraper," says Katelyn. Have him coat your powerful feet with flavoured lube like ID Juicy Lube (£9.99, IDLube.co.uk), and then 'feel the city' – massaging his chest with your feet, pinching his nipples between your toes, toying with his cock and slipping your toes into his mouth for him to suck. "Then," says Katelyn, "when you're ready to violate the city further, slowly lower yourself onto the skyscraper."

Vanilla Tip: Make A Meal

Take turns being the cannibal and the food with your lover. After deciding who wants to be the main dish, that person should then assume the position, naked, on your dining room table – hog-tying is optional. Next, play with different food preparation techniques: gag your dish by asking them to bite down on an apple and then gently brush honey over their skin with a basting brush, focusing on their nipples, inner thighs and neck. If you're the meal, your partner can roll a condom onto the cucumber and use it as a dildo.

"The partner playing the chef should always remember to tell the dish how delicious they look," advise the Mukis. To finish, slowly lick away all the honey. The genitals make a perfect dessert.

THE FETISH: ELECTRIC PLAY

Electric play involves using implements such as 'violet wands' (handheld devices with electrical current dials) to induce mild electric shock in a person for erotic purposes. "It's about sensation and pain as well as power control," explains dominatrix Mistress S. "I get a power trip from watching a slave wriggle at just the slightest twist of a dial. However, there's no substitute lying around the house that can be used safely," she warns. "Anyone wanting to try electric play should invest in proper equipment designed for the purpose, and read all the instructions and advice on it they can lay their hands on." Extreme fetishists get their kit from Electrastim.

he's really hard carefully pull back his foreskin and use the vibe on the very tip of his cock in short bursts, recreating the pulse settings on electro-stimulation devices." In between 'shocks', run the vibrator up and down his shaft. He'll soon have an electrifying orgasm.

THE FETISH: ROBOT FANTASY

For robot fetishists, the idea of a mechanical-style sex partner is a wet dream come true. "The idea seems to be that on some level, mentally or physically, the person or object of desire is artificial and programmable," explains erotic robot enthusiast Edward Gore on the technosexuality pages of P-synd. com. "Thinking that the mindset of the controlled can be made to fit that of a fantasy lover is seductive."

Typical mechanical role-play might include using a clipped voice, adopting a robotic appearance, and responding to on/off commands. "The fun for the robot is in being servile," adds Gates. "For the robot's master it's getting what they want and being playful while doing it."

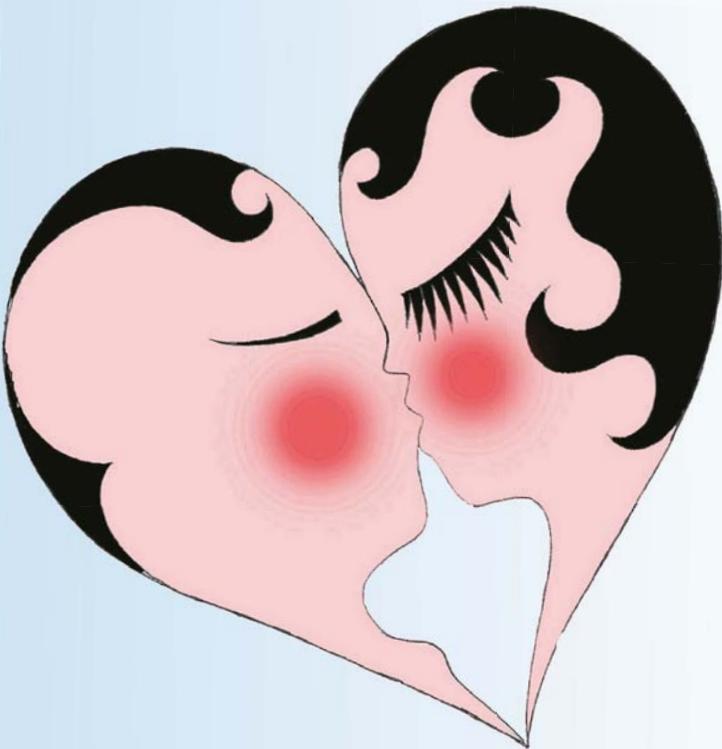
Vanilla Tip: Push Buttons

Have fun playing robots by creating imaginary buttons on each other's bodies and agreeing their functions in advance. "The master can program the nipples to be buttons that activate certain behaviours," says Gates. For example, tweaking his left nipple means he has to kiss your neck, whereas a tweak of his right means he has to go down on you; while he's down there, a stroke of his left ear could mean speed up, while stroking his right means slow down. If only life could always be so simple... 



THE FETISH: EROTIC CANNIBALISM

With very rare exceptions (the kind that hit the headlines) erotic cannibalism doesn't involve eating flesh but rather preparing it as if to be eaten. This can take the form of basting a lover's skin with oils, hog-tying them (securing their wrists to their ankles), 'stuffing' their orifices with fruits and vegetables (which may be eaten), and even placing them in a faux oven.



The Thing About Love

Sophocles said that it frees us of all the weight and pain of life, Shakespeare told us it comforts like sunshine after rain and the Beatles insisted it's all we need – but is finding love really that important to modern women? Scarlet explores the role of romance today, asking three prominent female writers in different decades of their lives what their experiences have taught them about love...

LOVE IN YOUR 20s



Emily-Jane Brain, 26, is a journalist and editor of *Black Meringue*, an alternative wedding magazine.

Currently in a relationship, she thinks that, nine out of 10 times, falling in love is worth it

“The first time I fell in love I was 16. He was my best friend and it happened

when I wasn't looking. Up until then I'd made a conscious effort to cultivate squealy-girl crushes on cute boys. But with Al* it was different. He wasn't popular or conventionally cute. We used to hang out together every day after school. We told each other everything,

•I can't help feeling that each new love is another incarnation of the first, like a cover version of the best song in the world ever•

shared all our fears, secrets and new discoveries – and what started as a weird experiment in trust soon made us inseparable to the exclusion of all others. He opened me up to the idea that you could be entirely, weirdly,

perversely honest with someone and it would only make them love you more. And then he made a mix tape for me. I was sold.

Looking back, I'd say it was love in its purest form because, at that point, all I knew was the high. I had no idea that when it eventually went tits up (my own doing), the resultant low would be equal and opposite in its effects, leaving an indelible mark against love.

This didn't stop me falling in love again. But even now I can't help feeling that each new love is an incarnation of the first, like a cover version of the best song in the world ever. It changes each time, of course, and is as much a reflection of where I am personally as it is of the person I'm in love with. I've had drum'n'bass loves, Joy Division-type loves, Bon Jovi-style loves – you get the picture.

For me there's no such thing as The One. I used to like the idea that we each have a twin soul, separated at birth, and our mission in this life is to find that person so we can be whole in the next. Nice theory, but utterly flawed. Instead, I reckon we're like jigsaw pieces: some bits fit together better than others, and occasionally you find a piece that slots into place with yours so effortlessly it suddenly makes the bigger picture that much clearer. That, to me, is love.

Sex is something entirely different. It's mostly recreational and while all loves share echoes of others, no two sexual encounters are ever the same. If you're lucky you'll find yourself with someone who seems to be able to read your mind, and then sex becomes liquid. Experience has taught me that you can work at sex with someone you love, even if it's awkward at first, but nothing beats that no-dress-rehearsal-required sex. Strangely, though, for me these forays have been fiery short-lived affairs

that have tempered into slow-burning, devoted friendships – and these are precious and rare.

Sharing yourself completely with another human being is an awesome thing. But once you've shared it, there's

only ever going to be half left for you – especially if the other person chooses to fuck off with their half. Cynical? Maybe. But it's more a lesson in karmic bargaining: great sessions result in gross hangovers, and nothing that feels as good as love comes without a price. If I could tell my 16-year-old self anything following that first break-up, it would be that nine out of 10 times it's still worth it."

LOVE IN YOUR 30s



Erin Kelly, 32,
has penned
10 books on
sex, love and
relationships
and six erotic
novels. Married
for four years, she thinks love
just keeps getting better

“The Bridget Jones singleton is the ultimate cliché of women in their 30s – defined by their quest for love, incomplete without a man. But for every BJ-type woman, I know a fistful of 30-somethings who are bolder, wiser and stronger than ever before. We've still got the energy, vigour and shiny hair, but that's underpinned by life experience. We finally know our own minds and bodies, and there's no better foundation for falling in love with the right person.

Men of the same age are also coming into their own. While you'll still encounter the odd dickhead on Match.com, our male counterpoints have mostly wised up to the fact that Dita Von Teese isn't going to turn up in Romford and offer her services as their personal sex slave. They too know the difference between a fantasy relationship and a real one. Men in their 20s seem desperate to escape commitment whether or not their female counterparts are actually asking for it. But by the time they've outgrown Loaded magazine, most blokes want the same from love as women do: someone to have sex with, to go to parties with, to love and cherish, and to have box-set marathons on the sofa in your underpants with.

Luckily, some of the rumours about 30-something women are truisms. The one about sex getting better as you get older is proving itself as I edge towards my fourth decade. My body isn't what it was at 18, when I wouldn't let anyone see me naked anyway, but it's still relatively firm and flexible, and more responsive than ever. I have the perfect combination of notches on the bedpost and a long-term lover. My experiences have depth as well as breadth, giving me the strength to be honest about what I really need in bed. I finally have the confidence to admit that faking orgasms gets you further away from, not closer towards, your desired destination.

only I'd realised that that was OK 10 years ago, I'd have saved myself a lot of heartache.” I now think that a loving relationship depends on three things. The first two are fancying and getting on with one another. The third is realising that relationships are hard work – which means having the grown-up, awkward conversations and making the tiny daily compromises that determine whether a relationship will last or not.

Love in my 30s so far has been about companionship and trust as well as sex and romance. Sometimes mortgages, smug married dinner parties and kids mean my relationship lacks the random passion of some of the flings I had in my

❶ I no longer believe that sexual chemistry will naturally progress into a healthy long-term relationship. In fact, often the opposite is true❷

While I believe that sex – good sex – is vital in a long-term relationship, I no longer believe that sexual chemistry will naturally progress into a healthy long-term relationship. In fact, often the opposite is true: as Anthony once said in SATC, “I’ve had some of the best sex of my life with people I couldn’t stand. If

teens and 20s, but I’ve got a family to nurture and books to write: I can’t be arsed wasting energy on late-night texts and booty calls who turn up too pissed to get a hard-on. If my confidence in my body, my marriage and my relationship with the world continues to grow at this rate, then I can’t wait for 40. Bring it on.”

LAWS OF ATTRACTION...

❸ When it comes to love, we like to keep it in the family. A study found that women are genetically

programmed to fall for men who look like their fathers, while men seek out partners who resemble their mums

❹ According to the journal *Evolutionary Psychology* British women are more likely to fall for men who use self-deprecating humour, as we view it as an indication of higher intelligence

❺ When you go out could help decide who you end up going out with, as our desires fluctuate according to our menstrual cycles. When ovulating we go for rugged-looking men, and at our least fertile we prefer more feminine types

❻ Scientists at Cambridge University say that the males of species known to be promiscuous

evolve large testicles in order to maximise sperm production, so the relatively small size of the male human’s testicles indicate that men are more inclined to be monogamous lovers

❽ Women think men with facial scarring are best for brief flings and a bit of fun because the tissue damage makes them look sexy and dangerous – but the same men are not viewed as good long-term love material, according to a study conducted by the universities of Liverpool and Stirling

❾ A study by the University of Central Lancashire concluded that we subconsciously avoid attractive alpha males when looking for long-term partners, because we’re afraid they’ll either be unfaithful, or will focus on their careers at the expense of the relationship

LOVE IN YOUR 40s



Popular writer and TV/radio broadcaster Bibi Lynch, 42, is single, and puts it down to coming from a

very spoilt generation

“I’ve only had one serious relationship, which lasted four years and ended 11 years ago. But I do know about love: my experience shows how hard it is to find love in this day and age, and my lack of it shows me how important it is and what I’m missing.

Why is love so hard to find? Well, I’m choosing to ignore any fundamental problems with me and blaming it on generational issues instead. We just have too many options. Not with men (seriously, where are they?), but with life. My generation was taught we could be anything, do anything. Getting married and having kids was one option, but not the only choice. And I think that smorgasbord of possibilities and opportunities took my eye off the love ball. My feeling was, ‘If he doesn’t blow me away, fuck him (but not on the first date)’. I trusted that true love would inevitably come along and if I wasn’t compromising anywhere else in my life, why should I do it there? Hmm. I wanted (and still want) to fall truly, madly, deeply in love, but can that happen when I’m expecting so much from one person? I want him to be as funny as my friends, as stimulating as my career, as sensitive as my gay husbands... I want him to be everything. Mine is a spoilt generation – unrealistic, even. We want everything to be The Best.

Our parents weren’t like this. Their lifestyles were much simpler, their expectations more reasonable, and, most importantly, the ‘finding someone and staying with them’ factor was higher on their agenda. My mum was 17 when she married my dad. He was 20. Theirs was not an easy relationship but, seven children later, they were still together when she died 20 years ago. My dad never stopped loving her. He died last October. He was buried with my mum.

Of course I can’t sum up their whole relationship in just a few sentences, but their story is obviously one of a strong, eternal bond. A love story. And maybe a love story that would be hard to find among my peers.

Life options aside, finding love is hard for me because I have shallow tastes. I’m attracted to above the neck (cute face, sharp brain) and below the waist (I

But by spending all those years looking for The (fictional) One, I’ve been denying myself The (real) One. And look at what that ridiculous search has cost me. My entire life, bar the four years coupled-up, I’ve had no one helping me, no one sharing the highs and lows with me, and no one there for me. I haven’t been anyone’s Number One. And that’s just plain wrong.

My experience shows how hard it is to find love in this day and age, and my lack of it shows me how important it is and what I’m missing

want good sex – although judging from the number of ‘in love’ couples I know who don’t have sex, maybe I’m unusual in thinking sex matters in love). And the chest area (soul and heart) gets ignored. More fool me.

In the same way that no one’s perfect, no one can be perfect for me, surely.

So in my 40 years on this planet, what have I learned about love? That you’re doing yourself a great disservice if you don’t let yourself experience it. Push away your ideas of what it *should* be, and give it a go to see what it *could* be. You never know, you may be pleasantly surprised. I know I still hope to be! 

HOW TO MAKE LOVE LAST

From great thinkers to grandmas, we share some top tips on how to keep love alive

1 TOUCH EACH OTHER UP

“Couples who touch the most are most likely to stay together. Kiss hello, goodbye, goodnight and good morning. Ban the armchairs and snuggle up on the sofa together, and you fall asleep in each other’s arms every night.” *Susan Quilliam, author of The Adventurous Lover (Mitchell Beazley)*

that they love you and want the best for your relationship until proven otherwise.” *Relationship psychotherapist Paula Hall, TheRelationshipSpecialists.com*

2 DO SLEEP ON AN ARGUMENT

“They say never go to bed on an argument, but I always found that after a good night’s sleep, yesterday’s tiffs never seemed quite so important.” *Doris Cliffbourne, married to Edward Cliffbourne for 38 years*

4 DO IT EVERY DAY “Work on it everyday. For us that’s equivalent to 18,615 times!” *Alan and Rita Brown, Cheshire, who’ve been married for 51 years*

3 THINK THE BEST

“Always assume the best. Even when your partner seems to have morphed into an alien from another planet, believe

5 TALK EACH OTHER UP

“Lovers are increasingly not satisfied with just being loved: they also want to know why they’re loved, and that involves having conversations. Compliments just aren’t enough.” *English philosopher Theodore Zeldin*

6 DON’T PASS JUDGEMENT

“If you judge people, you have no time to love them.” *Mother Teresa*



LOVE HURTS

Emily enrolls at domination school to learn how to really hit the spot

words: emily dubberley images: george thatcher

I look at the phallus in front of me. It's small, flaccid and has two bands around it. At Mistress Absolute's instruction, I turn a dial. Slave William grits his teeth in a bizarre smile, trying to resist the urge to move, but as I turn the dial higher, his back arches off the table. I take pity on him and stop. He falls back and I smile. I've just electrocuted a cock for the very first time.

Learning the ropes

Mistress Absolute is a professional Dominatrix with the *Beginner's Guide to BDSM* DVD under her (studded) belt, and a thriving business in domination training. I've always liked the idea of

I changed into my catsuit and boots as Mistress Absolute explained some safety guidelines (see box). I wondered if I was typical of her clientele, but as well as helping women like me to release their inner Dommes, she also works with trainee professional Dommes and experimental couples.

Once dressed, we joined Comedy William who was ordered to strip and kiss our feet. I was nervous, which didn't seem in keeping with a dominant persona. To mask my fears, I commented to Mistress Absolute that my boots were dirty. Her response was to make William lick them clean. I could feel his tongue through my boots and suppressed a giggle.

‘He falls back and I smile. I’ve just electrocuted a cock for the very first time’

playing Dominatrix, and so it was that I found myself at one of her private workshops in a central London dungeon, alongside one of her slaves, Comedy William – so named because he grins when he's in pain.

Mistress Absolute's Top 10 Safety Tips

- 1 Never be coerced into BDSM play – only do it because you want to
- 2 Never play when under the influence of drink or drugs
- 3 Always have a safe word, such as 'red' (or 'Scarlet'), that you can use to call an end to play
- 4 Never hit near the kidneys. Focus your attention on fleshy areas
- 5 Don't use coloured or scented candles for wax play as the perfumes and dyes can cause allergic reactions
- 6 Always keep keys/scissors to hand to release someone from bondage equipment quickly
- 7 Never use electric toys, apart from a Violet Wand, above the heart
- 8 When someone's tied up, check their extremities to make sure they're not going cold and untie them if they are
- 9 Never tie anything around the neck
- 10 Don't use clingfilm (or any potentially suffocating stuff) over the mouth/nose

Pleasantries over, it was time to play. William lay on a padded table, then we tied him up with his cock poking through a gap in the ropes. When I saw the equipment Mistress Absolute pulled out, I could understand why restraints were necessary.

Chain reaction

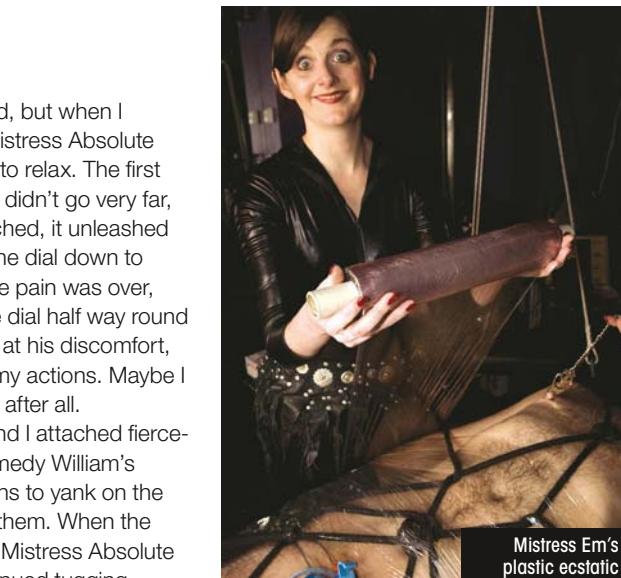
The electrical unit was eight inches by six inches and covered in dials. After explaining how it worked, Mistress Absolute attached two bands to William's penis; one behind his balls, the other behind his glans. The electrical charge would travel between the two points. On mild settings it apparently felt like gentle stroking, though when I tested it on my finger it gave me pins and needles. On the higher settings, it delivered serious pain.

My nerves increased, but when I saw William's joy as Mistress Absolute shocked him, I began to relax. The first time I turned the dial, I didn't go very far, but when William twitched, it unleashed my evil side. I turned the dial down to zero to let him think the pain was over, and then whacked the dial half way round in one move. I giggled at his discomfort, and was shocked by my actions. Maybe I wasn't such a nice girl after all.

Next the Mistress and I attached fierce-looking clamps to Comedy William's nipples, taking it in turns to yank on the chain that connected them. When the dungeon phone rang, Mistress Absolute took the call, but continued tugging the chain, briefly apologising to the caller for the screams in the background.

It's a wrap

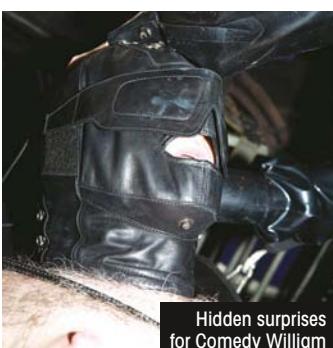
Mummification was next on the curriculum. We wrapped William in clingfilm, placed a gimp mask on him and ran a vibrator over his body: the taut clingfilm makes the sensations travel all over. Then the Violet Wand came out. This vicious glass toy delivers electric shocks with a loud crackle and spark. My hand shook as I took it from Mistress Absolute. I used it on William's nipples but



When we unwrapped our slave, we ordered him to climb inside a rubber cube, get onto all fours and poke his head through a hole. Then we used a vacuum cleaner to suck out the air. It's technical stuff this domming lark.

Once Comedy William was trapped, we rolled him over until his rubber-clad genitals were in front of Mistress Absolute, and she spanked them. When he climbed out, his body was covered in marks. This merited punishment (yes, more punishment), so we shackled him to a bench and cropped him before moving on to the cane. When I saw William's reddened buttocks, I had a feeling of a job well done, but immediately after the session my body ached and my hands trembled. Mistress Absolute explained that domination provides a physical and mental work-out, and adrenaline comedowns are common, but that didn't stop me trying it again later that day... only this time, I did it with my own playmate.

When my man saw my outfit he asked me to turn round so that he could check out my arse – and then he slapped it. The cheek! (If you see what I mean.) I responded by cropping him – gently. It's one thing to administer pain to a slave who loves it and quite another to hurt someone new to it. My fella had no objection to a rope harness though, and the most important thing I learned from my day in domination school was that it's so much easier to control a 6'3" guy when he's tied up. Why not try it yourself? Your man is literally bound to like it.



•Mistress Absolute squeezed his cock so that the urethra opened, and poured wax down it. My own genitals contracted in sympathy•

I felt intimidated by its power and had to ask her to hold my hand. Mistress Absolute took over, and touched the tip of Comedy William's prick with the wand, making him scream out in pain and yet dribble pre-come onto his thigh at the same time. Clearly, he was aroused and loving every blood-curdling minute of his punishment.

Candles followed. We cut holes in the clingfilm then drizzled wax over his most sensitive bits – his nipples and cock. I was feeling empowered, hardcore, a Domme among Dommes – until Mistress Absolute squeezed his cock so that the urethra opened, and poured wax down it. My own genitals contracted in sympathy.



swinging in suburbia



Scarlet sent bestselling erotic diarist **Suzanne Portnoy** on a first date at a semi-detached sex party. Wanna know how it went?

Mmm. You've obviously done this before," I said. "With many, many women. Otherwise you wouldn't be so good at it." Robert's head was between my legs. He was eating my pussy, licking and caressing my clit so knowingly, it was as if he had been born with one himself. In my entire sexual life (30-plus years and many hundreds of partners) I don't believe I've ever met a man who gives cunnilingus so well.

He was wearing black trousers and a white wifebeater, and his broad, well-developed chest strained the material. I was in my ever-faithful leopard-print

halterneck, fishnet stockings and sky-high black shoes: my favourite pulling outfit which rarely failed me. Robert and I were lying together in a large, dimly-lit room with red wallpaper, a small mirror on one of the walls and a pine cupboard set against the other, one of five bedrooms in a semi-detached in the London suburb of Penge, known on the scene as 'Fuckingham Palace'. There were three double mattresses on the floor of the room, with red fairy lights on the wall that emitted just enough light for another couple to watch our show. Elsewhere, another 30 or so people milled about the house in various

stages of undress. "Mmm," I moaned. "That feels so good." "Mmm," came the reply. This was our first date.

Party People

The invite said: "Genuine couples only – if you book in as a couple, then you're expected to turn up with the other half." That worried me. Robert and I had met only briefly for coffee on a cold December afternoon a month earlier,

and I. On my way to Goa the previous Christmas I'd been waylaid at Gatwick for ten hours, thanks to a snowstorm that had delayed my flight. The airline had offered me a hotel room at the airport Hilton and, not wanting to waste a good room, I'd scrolled through my phone book to locate a fuck buddy who lived nearby. I rang up Greg, my regular swinging partner, but he was out of town. Ever the generous partner, he'd recommended I contact

Terry, a guy he'd come to know after a decade on the scene, who was currently in the area. X hours later Terry and I were fucking.

They'd even proudly displayed a finger buffet. Sausage sandwich, anyone? Somehow, I don't think so

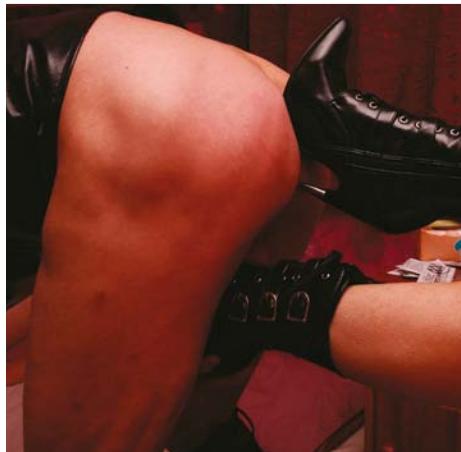
after he answered an ad I'd placed on Craigslist.org, the classifieds website.

Although my recollection of my first meeting with Robert was brief, I remembered that he was funny and good-looking, and he'd mentioned having some swinging experience with a former girlfriend. That made an impression on me, so when an invite arrived in my inbox from Terry, a friend of one of my lovers, inviting me to a swinging party, I immediately thought of Robert. We hadn't even fucked yet, but I figured he'd be game.

Terry, the host, and I had a history that went back a bit farther than that of Robert

Lust is blind

The invite to Terry's party came via his website, UpForItParties69.co.uk. I have to admit I wasn't that impressed with the site, despite being impressed with Terry (great cock, epic stamina). The gallery featured pictures of middle-aged housewives wearing cheap lingerie, and they'd even proudly displayed a finger buffet. Sausage sandwich, anyone? Somehow, I didn't think so. But last summer I bought a gorgeous suede leopard-print blindfold, and now it's my faithful companion. If I'm not getting fucked by beautiful people, at least I can pretend that's the case. I texted



From top: a cross spanking; dildo pouffes; nibbles – but not on the buffet; a lady digs her heels in

From top: a choice of rooms; what's new pussycat?; a celebrity appearance from Dita; nipple tasting

From top: swingers swinging; f-f-f-finger buffet; handy hammock; Terry shows us what he's got to smile about

Terry to say I'd be coming. With Robert. And a blindfold.

Robert and I arranged to meet in front of the Park Lane Hilton, a convenient half-way point for both of us. The hour's drive to the venue was the perfect opportunity to get to know each other better. Robert played with my clit while I drove and I could feel myself getting wetter by the mile. "Listen," he said when we had almost arrived. "I've got to relieve the babysitter at 1am. She was giving me a bit of attitude before I left and I don't want to be late."

I assumed he meant we'd have to get straight into the action and didn't mind at all. I'd wanted to fuck him since December.

Frolics at the palace

Pulling up at the door of the 'Palace' – a large 1940s semi-detached house set back from the main street, with a frosted glass door – I realised it wasn't a stately home. I tried not to show my disappointment. The door was open and we stepped inside to find a man sitting behind a table, collecting money, a portable coat rail by his side.

A well-worn carpet led from the entrance hall to the main stairs. We walked up them into a narrow kitchen straight out of MFI. Robert and I placed our vodka and Merlot on the kitchen worktop, writing our names on yellow tags and looping the tag over the bottle tops in the hope our refreshments would still be there when we returned; you never

know what personal property is considered communal at a swingers' party.

We poured ourselves two large glasses of wine and then each took a shot of vodka before walking into the reception room, where a table laden with sausage rolls, peanuts and other snacks straight out of the '70s was carefully laid out. I decided to leave the nibbles alone.

Rows of fold-away picnic chairs lined three sides of the room and although it was only 10pm, every one of them was already taken, mainly by middle-aged couples dressed in fire hazard lingerie, just like the pictures I'd seen on the website. Looking around the room, I

couldn't see one person that I fancied. Then a cute girl in hot pants and a bra appeared in the kitchen doorway with an average looking guy dressed in PVC. "I'm the hostess," she said. "Let me show you around." She took us upstairs where the action would take place later on. There were several bedrooms, each decorated in a different style, including a large playroom and a dark room with glory holes (holes in a wall that you can put your hands or genitals through in



Four's not a crowd

She dropped to her knees, opened the zip of her partner's trousers, pulled out his cock and began to suck

order to feel or be felt). I peeked through the doors of each, noting the double mattresses on the floors.

"This is my favourite room," the hostess said as she led us into the Red Heart Room. And there was my favourite host, Terry, sitting on the main bed with a slim woman with bleached blonde hair, wearing what looked like a white Dallas Cheerleader outfit and a big white hat. Terry was in the standard swinger's combo – a PVC sleeveless tee and black trousers.

"Isn't this great?" she said and then dropped to her knees, opened the zip of her partner's trousers, pulled out his cock and began to suck on it.

Robert then led me onto a free mattress on the floor, pulled up my dress without saying a word, and went down on me. I closed my eyes and relaxed into the sensation while his tongue danced around my clit. There was no music or noise aside from the sound of my breathing. I looked up and saw that everyone had stopped what they were doing and were watching us.

"Can I take over?" said the hostess after Robert came up to get some air.

"Of course," I said. I hadn't had a girl-on-girl experience for a couple of years, but she was friendly and cute. She took Robert's place in between my legs, while Robert sat and watched. "I'm not used to having competition from a woman," he laughed after a couple of minutes – my moans were clearly indicating my pleasure.

Just a quickie

Despite the enjoyable appetiser (and I'm obviously not talking about the buffet), I was aware of the clock ticking in my head, knowing Robert's babysitter was waiting for his return. I'd waited two months to be with Robert and didn't want to wait another two to have him alone, so I rose up from the bed, from the comfort of the unexpected girl-on-girl oral, and kissed the hostess on the lips. "Thanks," I said. "That was lovely." Then I turned to Robert, "Whadya say we blow this popsicle stand and head back to my

place to be alone?" He pulled me close and kissed me. "Let's go," he said.

Forgetting to pick up the remains of our vodka and Merlot, we headed into the night and pulled up at my house by midnight. That left us an hour all to ourselves. No crowds, no hosts and hostesses, no voyeurs. But the swingers' party had been a great start to the night, and now we were more than ready to play with each other. As Robert pounded me against the hard surfaces in my kitchen, I contemplated that perhaps it wasn't the average first date, but at least it was original. ↗

Suzanne's latest memoir, *The Not So Invisible Woman* is out now on Virgin Books



Love at First Bite

Audrey and Darren explain why fangs are a vital part of their sex life

interviews: hazel davies

Audrey Genoulaz and Darren Jack Powell are a vampire couple who live and work in London. Audrey is 27 and works in internet sales. Darren is 36 and works as a digital services specialist. They're both part of the London vampire scene and regularly take part in events and activities, including opulent gothic balls and holidays in Transylvania.

Audrey's story

Sometimes I just wear red lingerie and fangs

.....
“The conversion to vampirism, for me, has been very gradual. As a teenager in France I was into art and dressed in black

a lot. When I moved to Paris to be an art student, I got heavily involved in the goth scene and started to take it a little more seriously, dressing up in more elaborate clothes and reading more gothic literature.

I met Darren in 2006 at a club. I caught sight of him across the room, dancing in a cage. I had never seen someone with fangs before. I was immediately excited and intrigued. I ended up dancing with him. He made me feel very sexy and desirable.

Darren introduced me to a man who made fangs and I had some made for myself. I have two pairs now and I wear them when we are out with our friends and often at home, alone.

Darren and I never drink blood, but we do both love the sensation of biting and being bitten. You can play with how hard or gently you do it and sometimes it's really nice to surprise each other. Sometimes I just wear red lingerie and fangs and perhaps Darren might start kissing me and I won't know whether he's going to bite me or not. When you're being bitten, there's a lot of tension and it's an overwhelming feeling. You don't know when it's going to stop and there's the knowledge that you can avenge yourself in return.

I do know people who have had permanent fangs fitted. This doesn't really appeal to me as I think it can be quite hard to live a normal life and it's very tough on the lower lip! I do think I would miss something if I didn't have a vampire lover, though. There's no easy way to suggest to someone that they wear fangs...

I work in internet sales so I can't indulge my vampiric side too much, though I do tend to dress in black and wear black eye make-up. If I am going out with other vampire friends or Darren, I get properly dressed up with fangs and full regalia. Most of my friends share my passion so I don't worry about anyone thinking I'm strange.

The Truth About Vampires

The UK's vampire community is small, but incredibly structured. Blood-drinking is rare in our HIV age, but as this glossary of terms shows, vamps have more than one method of draining life force from their victims, willing or otherwise...

- **Vampyre:** A variant of the term 'vampire' sometimes used to differentiate a vampire lifestyler from a mythical or Hollywood one

- **Coming out of the coffin:** The process of revealing oneself as a vampire

- **Vampire lifestyler:** A non-vampire who adopts fictional vampire imagery and its trappings into his or her life, and who may also become involved in vampire communities

- **Sanguine vampires (or sanguinarians):** Vampires who feed on the life force of others by drinking (usually human) blood. Blood drinking is said to be the most potent form of feeding on life-force energy, and sanguinarians can thrive for many weeks from a single feeding, which is often about an ounce or two of blood taken from a willing donor

Darren's story

The vampire scene seemed to be a big playground that I could be free in

Audrey and I call ourselves 'vampire lifestylers', that is, role-play vampires. We dress like vampires but when we're dressed like them we act like them too, and that, for me, means being sharper, wittier and more confident.

When we talk about a vampire, we're talking about an enigma – a flawed, troubled monster – and that has always enthralled me. I've been into the 'dark side' since my early teens. I've always



Little biters:
Darren and Audrey

had an interest in fantasy and sci-fi but in my mid-teens, when I split up with my first proper girlfriend, I read the book *Interview with the Vampire* and it became very important to me.

Up until my 30s I dressed like a goth and hung around with goths but then I met some people who were into the vampire scene and I suddenly discovered a whole group of likeminded people.

The dressing-up process takes about an hour but it's second nature to me these days, and, as I'm a vampire more often than not, it's a more natural role for me to assume.

One of the first reasons I got involved in the vampire scene was that it seemed to be a big playground that I could be free in. I really like the sexual role-play. Before I found other vampires, I was in a long-term relationship and I do think that



Bitten by
the love bug



Bloody
good fun

my vampire passions played a part in the break-up.

When I first saw Audrey across the room I instantly liked the look of her, but it started like any other relationship. There was no big dramatic vampire romance; I guess we're just a compatible blood type... Apart from the shared interests in art, literature and dressing, Audrey and I also share a love of biting and being bitten. But who doesn't like to be bitten on the neck? It's an erogenous zone and if it's done gently and properly it can be amazing. The first vampire partner I dated did it to me and I was hooked from then on but I've never done it to anyone unannounced. You have to invite the vampire in...

In the latest of our series celebrating women you should know about, we explore the exotic, erotic world of:

ANAÏS NIN

words: gabriella józwiak

Most women have heard of Anaïs Nin, the mid-20th century author of 'naughty' short stories (now considered so un-naughty they're published as Penguin Classics). But few have read these sizzling tales, and even fewer have considered the woman behind the exotic name; a lady of French, Danish and Cuban origin who inspired a generation of women and drove men wild with her extremes of personality...

Anaïs the diarist

Born in Paris in 1903 to two artistic parents who separated when she was still a child, Anaïs began writing a journal at the age of 11 as a letter to her estranged father, the Cuban pianist and composer Joaquin Nin. For her, writing was like oxygen, and she breathed through her diary. Her first two decades saw her travel from Paris to New York, to Cuba

and then back to Paris, and the diaries recorded her every emotion, action and intellectual discovery in flowing prose.

In Paris, in her 20s, she began to be known as a writer and moved in the foremost intellectual circles, and the diarising continued until, by her death in 1977 at the age of 84, there were 69 volumes and several hundred folders of letters and entries. The first volume of these was published in 1966, launching Anaïs's celebrity status and gaining her a following of freedom-seeking women who revelled in her experiences. However, the diaries also won her a reputation as a liar. According to Nin biographer Deirdre Blair, Anaïs's contemporaries believed she "could not be trusted" and doubted her tales.

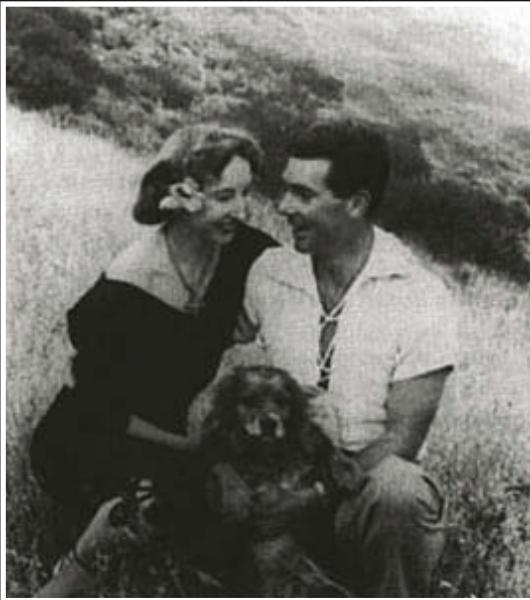
Anaïs the lover

According to her diaries, Anaïs slept with a lot of men, and women, and even family members. And yet she remained married

from the age of 20 to long-suffering banker (and later, artist) Hugo Guiler. Her most famous relationship was with the thrusting *Tropic of Cancer* author Henry Miller, who affected a sexual awakening in the young Anaïs that shaped her life. Anaïs recorded their sexual discoveries with intense sensuality. He was the first man she agreed to perform fellatio on, a trick which first repulsed her, then nearly drove her to orgasm, and which she took home to her marital bed. She spiced up her love life with Hugo by taking him to watch prostitutes perform in Parisian bars, but her 'neurosis,' as she called it, left her unable to settle for one man.

Her relations with Henry were complicated by her attraction to his wife June – an odd love affair played out in the film *Henry and June*, starring Uma Thurman as June and Maria de Medeiro as Anaïs. And while she remained with





Opposite page: Anaïs in 1932
Clockwise from top: Anaïs with second husband Rupert Pole; former lover, writer Gore Vidal; Anaïs with first husband Hugo Guilder; Anaïs in Chicago, 1972



more faithful to him than to Hugo. Her lovers included psychoanalyst Dr Otto Rank, one of Sigmund Freud's closest colleagues, author Gore Vidal and the French actor Antonin Artaud, as well as other friends, acquaintances, students, publishers, men in bars and, at one point, she claimed, her brother and father.

According to a diary entitled *Incest*,

Anaïs is known as one of the first and most famous female erotica authors, but she only began writing because a mystery New York collector offered her a dollar a page for bohemian tales of fornicating models and artists. "The telephone bill was unpaid... I did 30 pages of erotica," she wrote in February 1941. Anaïs admitted difficulty in devising

both in her work and living, as taught by the psychiatrist Carl Jung, "proceed from the dream outward".

Her most successful book, *The Cities of the Interior*, is a collection of five novels all featuring the same characters in interconnected episodes. Anaïs described it as "a study of women" and used her own experiences to portray female characters who strove for sexual and spiritual freedom. At the time, however, no female writer who wrote about women enjoying sex with strangers was likely to be congratulated.

Anaïs at the end

Anaïs's final years were dominated by painful ovarian cancer. On her death in 1977, two obituaries appeared; the *New York Times* reported that she was survived by her husband, Hugo Guiler, while the *Los Angeles Times* said her surviving husband was one Rupert Pole. It turned out that Nin had been living a double life since 1955, when she had married Pole, a handsome actor 16 years her junior. She had only confessed the truth to the men when close to death – and both apparently forgave her immediately.

Rupert buried Anaïs at sea, as she requested, because her life had always been influenced by Pisces, "ruled by Neptune, the planet of illusion". He also followed her wishes and had all of her diaries published posthumously, including the one entitled *Incest*. ↳

published after Nin's death on the instruction of her will, the father who deserted Anaïs's family reappeared in 1933. Anaïs went to meet Joaquin Nin in Nice, France, where he was suffering from lumbago, but their reconciliation went further than friendship. "I have met the woman of my life, the ideal, and it is my daughter!" her father said to her, as she sat on the end of his hotel bed in only a satin negligee, before Anaïs, "frenzied with the desire to unite with him", gave herself to his ageing body. And it didn't stop there. The diary goes on to say that the two spent the next few days in the hotel room together, hard though that may be to stomach.

Anaïs the writer

arousing scenarios and resorted to studying the *Kama Sutra* in her local library and holding dinner parties with friends to help her concoct narratives. But her elegant and romantic style was met with hostility from her buyer. "Concentrate on sex. Leave out the poetry," he ordered. Anaïs hated the collector and argued against him in private, stating that sexuality, feeling, sensuality and emotion should all be fused with sex.

Anaïs was well-known within the literary circles of New York, where she fled following the outbreak of World War II. She aimed to become a recognised writer, but her books received harsh criticism. Critics disliked her surrealist-style prose, which was derived from an instinct she followed

TRIED & TESTED

Mobile Manicures

Can beauty-on-the-go compete with that just-stepped-out-of-the-salon feeling?

tester: sarah hedley illustration: charlotte thomson

WHAT IS IT? Nails at Work is a mobile manicure and pedicure service that will currently visit any office or home in London, with plans to extend the service outside of London in the near future. Specially designed portable manicure tables have been custom-made for the service and all the kit you'd expect to see in a salon is carted to venues in wheelie cases.

Dubious as I was – having had so many mediocre, could-have-done-that-myself type manicures in salons – I elected to try a classic French manicure at my office, which would take up around 45 minutes of my time.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS?

The only difference between my Nails at Work manicure and the average salon manicure – except for the fact that it was good – was that instead of

has the same effect as soaking and feels as satisfying as playing in mud (think back to when you were four).

After the pseudo soak, my hands were massaged, and cuticle remover was applied before the frayed skin was pushed back and trimmed. At this point, Teresa, my nail technician and founder of Nails at Work, reprimanded me for cuticle abuse. With a string of awards and a four-week waiting list at Harrods' nail bar behind her, she knows her stuff, unlike a lot of today's nail technicians whose so-called qualifications are the result of a quick two-day course.

Cuticles apparently act as a barrier to protect against bacterial and fungal infections; I'd developed a cuticle

report my dry, jagged cuticles are now supple again.

The next step was buffing – oil was rubbed into my nails before a three-way buffer was used to smooth the surface ridges. Teresa explained that buffing helps the oil penetrate the nail. She then used polish remover to clean the nail plates before putting on varnish. Top tip: Teresa also taught me how to 'cap' nails to prolong the finish – simply ensure your top coat goes over the tip of your nail, where varnish is most likely to chip. I'd never bothered with topcoat before, but I do now and it makes my varnish last at least a week longer.

DID IT WORK?

Yes – and not only did I get a perfect manicure, I got an education in nail care and the rare luxury of being pampered at work. If you're thinking of buying a friend a birthday present, or sending your mum flowers, send them Nails at Work instead. 

My hands were placed in bags of a specially formulated, hot softening cream, which has the same effect as soaking and feels as satisfying as playing in mud (think back to when you were four)

using water to wash or soak hands, gel hand cleanser and creams were used. First the gel went on, then the nails were clipped and filed; my hands were then placed in bags of a specially formulated hot softening cream, which

remover habit and had been applying it too regularly and cutting my cuticles myself (this should be left to a qualified nail expert). Teresa prescribed SolarOil Nail and Cuticle Conditioner, to be rubbed in daily, and I'm pleased to



Treatments start at £19 for a basic shape and polish and go up to £90 for a luxury pedicure; a French manicure costs £45. To book call 07931 724 404. For more info visit [www.nailsatwork.co.uk](#)

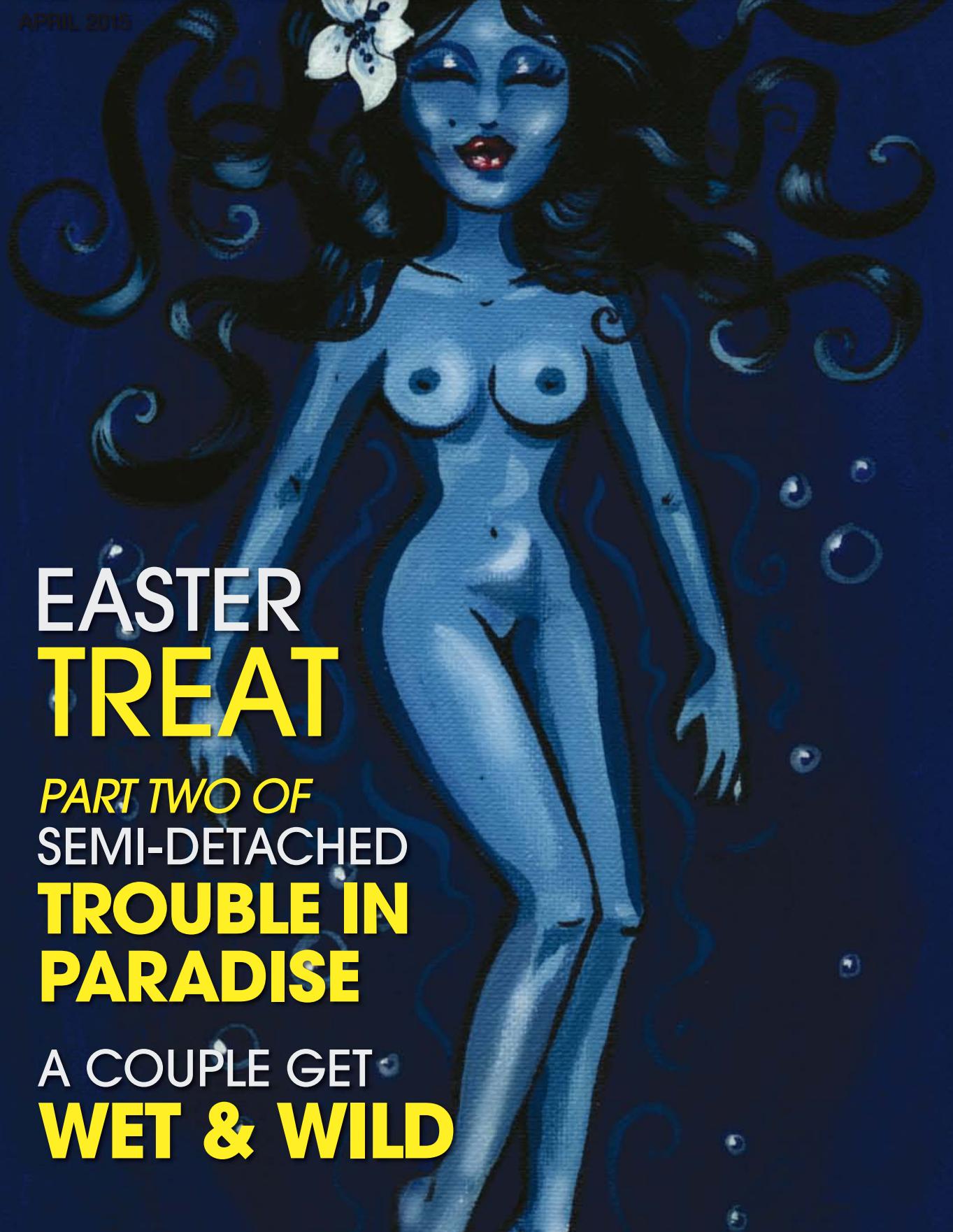
CLITERATURE

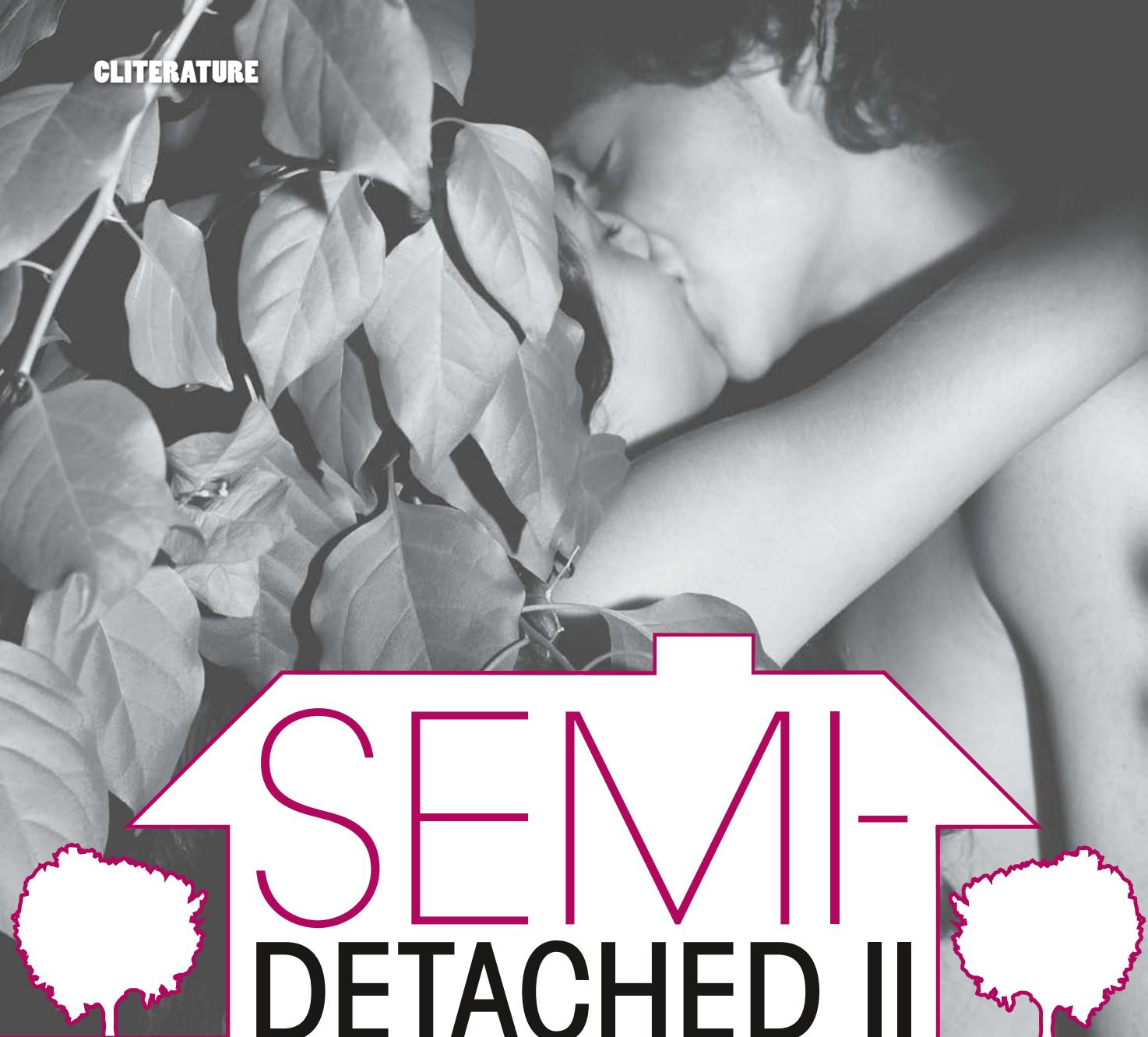
APRIL 2015

EASTER TREAT

PART TWO OF
SEMI-DETACHED
**TROUBLE IN
PARADISE**

A COUPLE GET
WET & WILD





SEMI- DETACHED II

Episode 2: Trouble In Paradise

Will the filthy foursome split when a serpent enters their group sex Garden of Eden?

words: mathilde madden

In last month's episode, builder Max and his lusty other half, Lisa, were enjoying a cosy four-way affair with neighbours Phillip and Claire. But while Phillip was also making the most of the fun, Claire seemed somewhat distracted. By Dan, the 18-year-old gardener... from across the road...

In the dark street Claire closed in on Dan as he tossed green woven sacks of weeds and hedge clippings onto the pensioner-laming, neglected pavement. He didn't seem to notice her, which meant she had enough time to unbutton her black raincoat so her short-skirted business suit was displaying her curves nicely against the

coat's grey lining. She leant up against the fence outside Dan's parents' house.

Claire had never before been so confident about her allure. She'd once seen herself as frumpy, lumpy, dull and pasty. It wasn't until she'd landed her gorgeous next-door neighbour Max – and landed right in his bed – that she started to see things differently. Max compared her pale skin to marshmallows, to whipped cream and cotton wool. He wallowed in her big body – not just her hips and tits, but her belly and thighs, too. He even liked the creases of fat on her back and almost choked with laughter at the idea they could be anything other than desirable. So now Claire was posing for Dan, baiting her trap with herself.

"Busy day?" she asked.

Dan jumped. "Fuck!" He spun around to look at Claire, flushed, his heart already clearly banging in his chest. "God, sorry. Claire, isn't it? I didn't know you were standing there."

"I didn't mean to surprise you. I just wanted to watch you a little while. I've seen you a few times through my window, but nothing beats up close and personal, wouldn't you agree?"

A fast-moving cloud of confusion drifted over Dan's face. And then a very different expression took its place. An expression that only really sits well on the face of a cocky, good-looking-and-doesn't-he-know-it 18-year-old.

"You know," said Dan, "I absolutely agree." He jerked his head as if steeling himself for one final push. And then, with a deep breath, he charged right over the top, lunging forward and planting her a wet kiss on the lips. Standing back, he smiled at her. "You know, if you like it up close and personal, Claire, there's something in my van I think you'd like to see."

In less than a minute, Dan had Claire pressed hard up against the inside of his tiny van. There wasn't really enough room to stand up and, as Dan snogged her, he expertly guided Claire down onto the leaf-strewn floor. Dan buried his head in Claire's neck, nibbling and licking slightly clumsily, and Claire stretched out and inhaled. The inside of the van smelt like petrol and mulch. It was so damn sexy.

In another moment, Dan knelt up and pulled his black T-shirt off over his head. His chest was tanned golden and incredibly toned – just as Claire had anticipated. His light

dusting of brownish hairs was perfectly positioned, outlining and accentuating his easy physique. Oh, he was almost too perfect. The very image of golden youth. Claire sighed as Dan lowered himself back down onto her body and began opening her blouse, kissing his way down her torso as he did so. She felt her c**t pulse, eager and excited as he reached the waistband of her skirt. He slipped his hands down over it and grabbed the hem. As Claire lifted herself a little off the floor he pushed her skirt up to her waist.

"F-fucking hell," he said, his excited breathing making him stutter. And then he took hold of her knickers and her tights together and yanked them down.

"Hang on," Claire muttered as he went to sink his face between her legs. And she hauled herself up a little. Leaning forwards awkwardly she yanked her knickers and tights further down so she could get one foot completely free of the tangle. "It gets annoying," she said as she lay back

how avant-garde his sex life might have become, Phillip was – at heart – a conscientious man with a serious job.

He was in the bank less than forty-five minutes later. It was before eight, but he liked to be the first in. He could set up his day before it all got busy but he found himself unable to resist taking refuge in fantasies about Lisa's tight, hot mouth closing around Max's ever-ready cock while he – Phillip – watched, slowly pushing into Lisa from behind.

He began to work through the pile of post on his desk, ripping open envelopes and mostly tossing the contents aside. This was yesterday's mail that he hadn't dealt with – stuff he knew from a glance wasn't urgent.

The bottom envelope in the pile was hand-addressed. Phillip paused. He hardly ever got hand-written mail at the bank. He was surprised he hadn't opened this one straight away, out of sheer curiosity. He must have been rushed off his feet.

The envelope was small,

•He wallowed in her big body – not just her hips and tits, but her belly and thighs, too•

down, "if you don't take them right off."

"Oh sure, sure," said Dan, but he wasn't really listening. And then Claire felt a tongue on her pussy.

Dan was so contradictory. So beautiful and slightly arrogant with it. Yet also a little inept and unsure. But his tongue seemed to know what it was doing. Claire let herself melt into his ministrations. Even though she was faintly disappointed not to be getting penetration – her favourite – she let Dan flick his tongue around her clit until her hands were scrabbling on the metal floor and she was bucking up, screaming, locking her knees around his head.

SECRETS TO HIDE

Three days later Phillip Oberlander, Claire's husband and Lisa and Max's lover, got up early from the quadruple-sized bed and crept into the bathroom in his own side of the house. No matter

nondescript, white. He ripped it open with his letter opener and a rectangle of folded paper fell onto his desk. Thin enough that he could see the letter too was handwritten. The same black ink as on the front of the envelope. The same loping scrawl. When he read what the piece of paper said, Phillip felt his heart freeze solid.

I know what you're doing. It's disgusting. Orgies every night. Even your house altered to make it easier for you. Fucking and sucking with your neighbours. Gay, bi, lesbian, three of you, four of you. Every combination. I wonder what the papers would say about a bank manager carrying on like such a slut?

The letter continued, the spider writing getting wilder as the author seemed to get more irate. Phillip was expecting the demand for money before he reached it. The time and place. The scoffing sign-off



that a bank manager would easily be able to afford the fifty grand demanded. Phillip felt sick.

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Claire lay on Dan's narrow single bed. It was the first time she'd been in his bedroom. Only allowable this time as his parents had gone out to the theatre. Claire was happy with that. Dan's parents weren't much older than her and Phillip. And she didn't much fancy bumping into them in the hallway. Dan might be 18 and have his own business, but there was still something about him that made her feel like a dirty old woman.

Dan was sprawled on top of her, kissing his way down her body, which seemed to be his trademark and only move. But as he started to remove her

underwear, Claire sat up. "So, Dan, it's been a week now. Are we going to fuck already?"

Dan looked shocked. "Fuck? What, like now?"

Claire reached out and grabbed his belt, yanking him close. "Sure," she said, then pressed her mouth to his for a kiss.

Dan pulled away. "I thought we could kind of take it slow. I really like you, Claire. I've never met anyone like you."

"I like you too. That's why I want you to fuck me."

Dan held her gaze and his expression changed. He flipped from unsure to cocksure. It was quite a transformation. "Greedy slut," he said.

"Oh come on, Dan. I want your cock."

Dan stretched his arms up lazily and then brought them down, twining his fingers together behind his head. "Really?" He thrust his crotch into Claire's face as he spoke. "Get it out then."

Claire quirked an eager smile. Then she reached out and liberated Dan's cock. Oh, and it was satin-smooth and so very hard. His erection was totally – almost preternaturally – vertical.

After they'd both stared at it for breathless moments, Dan said, "Suck my fucking dick then, bitch."

And Claire, all her cravings to be fucked temporarily forgotten, dived onto the delicious treat. His pheromones were ferocious. His hands were in Claire's hair. She ignored the way he sounded as if he was acting out something he'd seen in porn. It was still hot as fuck and she got a little thrill from the idea of this youth acting like a man just to get her wet.

And Claire had one last trick up her sleeve to get what she really wanted. After she'd used every move she knew on Dan's cock, after she'd coaxed him almost right to his edge, she pulled back. She grinned at him and lay back down on the bed, spreading her legs and pulling her knickers aside. She knew how this must look. How hard it would be for him to resist, even if he was a...

Dan swallowed, "I'm a virgin," he said quietly. His macho man facade dissolving as he stared at Claire's wet open pussy.

"Not for much longer."

As the words left her mouth Claire realised she might have overegged it. Almost simultaneously Dan cried out, "Oh, no." And Claire watched in horror as Dan's cock convulsed suddenly and his come splattered her and the duvet with disappointment.

GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Everything was annoying Lisa about her job, from having to work late to do a stock-take to the very fact that she had to work in this horrible cut-price clothing shop at all. Lisa loved clothes. But the cheap fabric shapes they sold didn't qualify as such as far as she was concerned. Made as cheaply as possible in sweat shops; seams so thin the pieces would barely hold together for a season. But that was the point. Not built to last. Disposable fashion. Get 'em

back in next month to buy more. High turnover. High disappointment. Once Lisa had cherished dreams of her own boutique. Exclusive, well-made pieces. Now she knew people just didn't want that kind of thing anymore.

As she worked her way through to the back of the stockroom, tapping figures into a little hand-held computer, her mind drifted from work-life annoyances to home-life ones. Claire was clearly up to something. She might think no one had noticed but Lisa had. Just in the last week there'd been three evenings when no one had known where Claire was. Not Phillip, not Max and certainly not Lisa. With this weird four-way set up they had now, it seemed so much easier for someone not to be missed.

For them to slip down the gaps in the relationship, just like the time Claire had slipped down the gap between their two double beds before they'd found a more solid way of fixing them together.

But Claire wasn't

the main problem Lisa had with this unconventional relationship. Her real problem was far more basic and far more debilitating. Jealousy. She'd tried not to admit it. Even to herself. She'd tried to pretend she was cool with it all. So modern. So free. But she wasn't.

Her partner Max had never been a faithful man. But she wasn't at all jealous of anything he got up to. He was a simple man. A hunk, a hard-bodied lunk. She knew he'd always come back to her. He fell for temptation every time – but deep in his heart he belonged to her. Both of them knew it. No, it wasn't Max that aroused her jealousy. It was Phillip. As she got closer to the softer, slighter, more mysterious man in her life she began to crave his exclusive attention like nothing she'd ever known. She was jealous of the cosy intimacy he shared with Claire. Once Phillip had seemed tired and Lisa had made a crack about him having been up all night shagging. And Phillip had shrugged and said no, that he and Claire had been up late talking. And that had cut Lisa to the bone.

Thinking about it now she realised

she was grinding her fingernails into her palm. But how else could she have this set-up? The sensitive, delicate Phillip with his long dexterous fingers and his perfect, perfect kissing. And Max too, who was almost brutal in comparison, with his amazing body, his equally amazing cock and his ability to hit her G-spot over and over when they fucked. In fact, with Claire's mysterious absences she had had both men to herself three times this week. She was still slightly sore from their fingers and dicks and tongues in her mouth, her c**t, her arse. Maybe she should squash her jealous feelings down. Surely this bliss was worth it?

BOY, OH BOY!

Phillip felt himself opening and relaxing, so when Max entered him, he could do nothing more than moan

Max and Phillip were in the bedroom, both drinking cans of lager, waiting for their evening to start.

"Aw, hell," said Max. "I just remembered, Lisa's doing some work thing tonight. Said she might not be back until eleven."

"Oh," Phillip felt his disappointment like a little sprinkle of stones down in his guts.

"Where's your missus?"
"I'm not quite sure."

"Oh fuck. That's not right. Those women are neglecting us, you know."

Phillip gave a weak smile and nod in response. Then he said, "Well, maybe that's a good thing. We could talk." He thought about the blackmail note he'd received. Now stuffed deep in the inside pocket of his laptop bag.

"Talk!" Max hooted. "Hell, that wasn't what I was thinking of doing at all." Max dived across the bed and pinned Phillip easily. Phillip was considerably taller than Max, but Max was built for strength and his long hours on building sites kept him that way. In seconds Max was astride Phillip's chest, pinning his wrists and ducking down into a vicious, owning kiss. Phillip struggled,

trying to get away, if only to catch his breath, but it was useless. There was nothing much he could do except open his mouth wide and let Max's tongue take control.

"God," said Max, finally pulling back, "I so want to fuck you, man. Girls are pretty, but I so love fucking guys. Guys know what guys want, you know." Before Phillip could answer, Max grabbed hold of Phillip's erect cock through his suit trousers. He worked his tight fist expertly up and down, making Phillip moan in moments.

"See," Max said, half sneering at the effect he was having. "Turn over."

Even as he flipped onto his stomach, Phillip was saying, "I don't know if I..."

But Max cut him off with, "Shut up", as he wrenches down Phillip's trousers and underwear and pushed his tongue fast and hard into Phillip's arsehole.

Phillip yelled in shock and surprise then

reached back to push Max away. In response, Max grabbed both Phillip's arms and twisted them up into the small of Phillip's back, pinning them hopelessly. Then returned to his rimming.

There was nothing Phillip could do except take it. It was hopelessly ticklish at first, but that soon melted away to be replaced with breathless pleasure. Phillip felt himself opening and relaxing so much that when Max took him with one finger, then two, then entered him with his cock, Phillip could do nothing more than moan. He was incoherent as Max whispered in his ear, "See, I knew you'd love this," reaching under Phillip's body, drawing him up so his hand could close around Phillip's cock.

Phillip was on the edge in moments. Overcome with sensation. As he felt a tremendous orgasm begin to rush towards him he cried out, "Oh God, Max. It's you. It's you I really want."

Next issue: Phillip hands over the cash, everyone starts lying about what they really want and Dan gets his tongue pierced.

"I GAVE MY BOYFRIEND A HAND-JOB IN HOSPITAL"

WHEN James broke his arm, Catherine had to lend him a hand

My boyfriend James is into extreme sports. Rock climbing, hang gliding, stuff like that. Then he got really into this thing called free running. And then he fell.

James broke one leg and one arm. He was in hospital for a while with his leg in traction. After a week he seemed to get kind of fidgety. I asked him what the matter was, but he wouldn't say and he seemed really shy.

He's a big guy, James. Tall and muscular. It's really cute when he's embarrassed about something. It's funny seeing his big macho face looking red and awkward. That sounds so mean, but it's true. I asked him what was wrong a couple more times during that visit and he still said nothing. But the next day when I went back, things had clearly got even more pressing. As soon as I sat down he whispered, "It's my *right* arm."

"I know."

"I can't... you know... with my left."

"Oh?" I said, puzzled for a minute. Then, "Oh!"

"It's driving me crazy. I've tried to wank with my left hand. And I can't. I've never been able to. Is that weird?"

"I don't know. I can use either. But maybe it's different for girls."

"It's embarrassing. When the nurses give me a wash I get hard so easily, man. Fuck, Cath, I'm scared I'm going to come from them washing me. Oh God. I would just die."

He was bright red again. I was feeling a little bit hotter than usual too. "Do you want me to help you out?"

James looked at me. He has big pale blue eyes and really long eyelashes. He looked so relieved. "Would you?"

"Course."

I pulled the curtains around the bed. The ward wasn't that busy. About three quarters of the beds were occupied but there were only two other visitors. I didn't let myself think about whether or not closing the curtains seemed suspicious. Once we were safe in our little cocoon of seventies-print fabric, I sat back down, pulling my chair close to the bed.

There was no question of a fuck or even a blow-job. Far too precarious. I slipped my hand under James's bedclothes and into his pyjama bottoms. His thick cock was throbbing, hot and hard, under my fingers.

He moaned, loudly, just once, then his eyes snapped open and he looked shocked at what he'd done. "Shit," he whispered. "Sorry."

I caressed his cock again, then I pulled my hand free and held my palm in front of his face. He stuck out his big flat tongue – the same tongue that had made me come



so hard so many times – and licked my palm. I nodded and went to grab his cock again.

This time, when I pumped him he bit his lip. Normally he loves to make aroused noises. And those noises are so hot. But today, the fact he was having to hold back seemed even hotter. I could tell he wasn't going to take long to come. I gripped his shaft hard and pumped frantically. Then I took my left hand and shoved all four fingers into his

He moaned, loudly, then his eyes snapped open and he looked shocked at what he'd done,

mouth, stopping his cries as he suddenly convulsed, spouting hot come over my hand, his thighs, the sheets, everywhere. He came such a lot.

After I'd mopped up with tissues as best I could he said, "Sorry I can't do anything for you."

"When you're better."

"Yeah."

As I left, I swear one of the nurses gave me a knowing look. ↘

"I LIKE TO GIVE SERVICE WITH A SMILE"

JENNY'S love of playing dress-up as a child extended into her adult life...

When my boyfriend and I went on holiday after two months apart, I decided in advance that he was going to get some rather spectacular room service. Slipping into the bathroom before he'd fully woken up one morning, I pulled something out of my suitcase that had made me wet at first sight when I'd spotted it in a fetish shop over a month earlier. A French maid's outfit matched with a lacy bra, G-string, suspenders, a head-dress that doubled as a blindfold and a pair of bright red fuck-me heels. A cliché undoubtedly, but a gloriously anticipated one all the same. In my excitement I pulled the G-string up higher than intended, tweaking my clit in my haste and triggering a rush of juices. I was ready to pounce.

The look on his face as I strutted through the door was incredible, as was the instantaneous hardening of his cock. "You look amazing," he croaked as he sat up on the edge of the bed, his eyes resting on my curves. My nipples tingled under his gaze. I straddled him, feeling his dick warm against my thigh, and kissed him urgently, but he broke away to reach for his own suitcase. As he dangled a pair of handcuffs in front of my eyes my pussy throbbed with anticipation. Turns out he'd planned a surprise for me too!

Pushing my willing body down, he cuffed my hands above my head and pulled the blindfold over my eyes. Helpless and robbed of sight, the sensation of his tongue as he started to give me oral through the fabric of the G-string was intense, and knowing that he would taste my juices through the material made me cream more. Nudging the string to one side he slowly circled a single rough finger around the lips of my c**t, spreading the wetness until it covered my upper thighs, sometimes entering me to the first joint of his index finger, before retracting teasingly and making me moan with desire. Then suddenly, without warning, he started finger fucking me with his index and middle fingers, stroking my clit with his thumb.

Gasping and shuddering, I was on the point of climax, but he wasn't going to let me get off that easily. Pulling away and guiding me into a sitting position, my hands still restrained, he pressed the tip of his cock to my lips while he stood over me. Eagerly I took it in my mouth, lapping up his salty pre-come with my tongue, understanding that my own satisfaction now depended on pleasing him. Unable to see what I was doing I was guided by his sharp intakes of breath as I hit the right spot and the involuntary clutching of my hair as his hand rested on the back of my head. All too soon he pulled away again, this time dragging me up with him before twisting back onto the edge of the bed so that I straddled him once more.



Hearing the rustle of the condom wrapper I brought my hands down to push my G-string aside and, rubber on, he entered me, his swollen cock feeling bigger and harder inside me than ever before. Just the smell of his sweat and the sound of his shallow breathing made me want to come immediately but I held back as I started to ride him, whimpering in my lust. As I sped up my blindfold slipped and I was suddenly face to face with him, the shock sending a thrill through us both.

Gasping and shuddering, I was on the point of climax, but he wasn't going to let me get off that easily,

His thumb found my clit again, rubbing it with each movement I made. The friction proved too much and with a cry of, "Oh fuck! Fuck!" I came hard, my thighs trembling. Feeling my pussy clenching against him brought my boyfriend along with me and he clutched my body hard as he gave one long final deep thrust into me. Shuddering we sank back onto the bed in a daze.

Anyway, I'll definitely be playing dress-up again!

Male Mis Shot

Scarlet men reveal their naughtiest fantasies

words: mark farley

Having sex with me should be one of the perks of married life, I like to think...

My girlfriend and I are both in our late twenties and she's happy to indulge my fantasies. I like older women or, even better, older couples. I've always dated or had serious relationships with people of my own age, but have forever yearned for encounters with more 'life-experienced' partners.

I'd like to make friends with a nice, easy going, open-minded couple, and get involved with them on a long-term basis. I imagine there's something quite special about joining a married couple in a threesome as they share their love, partnership and desire with you. Being able to bring them both enjoyment and then lying with them in the intimate comedown from truly explosive sex... it's something I'm sure you can't bottle. If you could, I'd have bought it!

My fantasy couple are both Londoners in their late forties. Sarah is a tall, dark-haired lady with smooth, tanned skin. Her husband is as London as they come, and looks like an extra from Albert Square with his shaved head, gold earring and penchant for sportswear. It's a very loose, relaxed arrangement; sometimes we meet twice a month, sometimes a few months can slip by before we can all get together again. They live over the other side of the city, which is a good hour away on the tube.

I've never visited their place, as they have three kids. Instead, we always

meet at a neutral location, often at a house close to them that they keep an eye on, while the occupants are working away. Sarah's role, it seems, is just to keep the place dusted and hoovered for them and make sure nobody is squatting there.

•She enjoys having an hour with me on her own, with my face between her legs until she climaxes, before calling her husband on his mobile•

Whether or not the family is aware of the orgies that take place in their home, I'm not quite sure. Probably not, would be my guess. It's well furnished, despite the lack of residents. Good job really, because when there are three or more of you, couches and beds are always useful.

I can't get enough of Sarah; I love her smooth skin, the lust that oozes from her as she pins me against the hallway wall as soon as she's dropped her keys and bag on the floor, and the force with which she reaches for my cock, while forcing her tongue down my throat.

If we manage to stave off our desire for long enough, she'll point me towards the kitchen to open the bottle of wine she brought over earlier in the day and find a couple of glasses, while she changes into her basque and stockings upstairs.

Sarah has a thing for my young slim body, she tells me, and it's the main reason she's kept me in and out of her life for nearly five years. She's quite partial to my cock also, which measures up to her husband's generous length (although I beat him on girth, so double penetration tends to be a little tricky). This pleases me no end though, because I get to slip inside her arse and make her gasp even more as she's riding him.

She enjoys having an hour or so with me on her own, with my face between her legs until she climaxes, before calling her husband on his mobile and explicitly purring down the line at him, outlining what biblical laws I am breaking from behind her.

She then begs him to join us and he drives round in his car at lightning speed, probably breaking a few laws himself on the journey, often arriving and marvelling at the sight of his wife's face buried in either the bed or a couch as I slowly and gently screw her lubed-up ring. He then strips and joins us until we completely wear her out.

Can you see I've been building this fantasy up for a good many years? Check out the detail. It's practically real. Well, the good news is that my girlfriend has recently decided it will become so. We've put the ad up online already. 

Do you know a man who'd like to share a saucy story or fantasy, anonymously or otherwise?
If so, email it to us at Cliterature@ScarletMagazine.co.uk



Easter Treat

She finds a present that gets them both wet

words: carmel lockyer image: charlotte thomson

Easter was causing me grief. Real grief. The problem was, what should we do? Since Gerik and I'd got married, four years ago, we'd celebrated every Easter in a very special way. The first year had been for him to arrange, the second year for me, the third for him. Now the fourth year was my responsibility again. And it was a big one.

For our first anniversary, Gerik had filled the house with flowers, and I mean literally. There were lilies in the living room and daffodils all over the kitchen.

The bathroom was filled with jars of bluebells, and the bath itself was brimming with scented water and had floating candles in the shape of water lilies illuminating its steamy fragrant gloom. He'd knelt beside the bath and washed me, every inch of me, with his strong fingers, then wrapped me in a towel, picked me up and carried me into the bedroom.

Gerik is very strong. He's a builder, a Polish builder – and don't bother, we've heard all the Polish jokes going. Carrying me around like a bundle of damp washing was no problem for him.

The bedroom was full of roses. Great mixed bouquets of them in buckets on the floor, tall-stemmed red roses on the dressing table and a huge garland of dried rosebuds hung over the bed. Soft rose scents came from more candles. He'd towelled me dry and then lifted a little glass flagon from the floor. It held rose oil which he'd rubbed into my skin as though I

was some building project that had to be perfectly completed. Then he'd turned back the duvet. The bed was filled with soft pink rose petals. He'd laid me down in it, and spread my legs wide, then stood at the end of the bed, picking up handfuls of petals and sprinkling them on me until I was buried under a cool fragrant carpet. Then he lay beside me and the scent of crushed flowers began to rise as he pressed and stroked my flesh, kneading my breasts, sliding his fingers down my arms and sides, tucking petals between my toes and into my pubes until I was saturated in roses. And then he'd lifted my knees up and back until they almost touched my breasts, and fucked me into a rosy oblivion.

SEX AND CHOCOLATE

For our second Easter I'd bought a chocolate fountain. I'd set it up in the middle of the living room, pushing all the furniture to the walls and using one of his dust sheets to cover the carpet. Around the fountain I'd set trays of food: sliced peaches, strawberries and pineapple, candied orange peel, ripe figs, marshmallows, prunes stuffed with marzipan... you name it, if it was sweet and tasted good with chocolate, I had it.

When I heard his key in the lock I'd run to the front door and told him to go and take a shower. He'd stared at me for a second, his blond eyebrows creasing, and then turned without a word and gone upstairs. Gerik isn't much of a one for questions.

By the time he came down, I was naked, cross-legged, on the living room floor. He was naked too, and already hard as he walked across the room to sit opposite me. I twirled a strawberry in the molten chocolate and pressed it into his mouth. While he was still chewing, I chose a fig, dipped it in the gooey liquid and then ran it along his shaft, bending my head to follow the sticky chocolate trail with my tongue. He gasped. You can guess the rest.

Year three – his choice. He'd hired a cottage in the country. Where, he'd said, nobody could hear me scream. He was right.

The cottage had an open fire and exposed beams. I lay in front of the

first and gazed up at the second, and Gerik knelt between my legs, with my Easter gift. A rabbit. Well, not just one rabbit. The entire range: Jessica, Romping Rabbit, Water Rabbit, Mini Rabbit and my favourite – Ravenous Rabbit. He'd said rabbits were appropriate for Easter, which was very nearly a joke, from Gerik.

EPIPHANY

So now it was year four. How did a girl top a weekend spent discovering the intricate pleasures one could obtain from an entire range of vibrators in the hands of a loving husband?

March was on us, and I still had no ideas. I waited for a day when Gerik would be out late and plonked myself on the computer chair with a bottle of Pinot – by the time he came home I would have the answer.

It didn't start well. I browsed a few sexy online venues: shops, chat-rooms, websites that offered erotic stories or pictures, but there was nothing with an Easter theme except a few pictures of girls in bunny ears. That was so clichéd I didn't even give it a thought.

where I changed into the robe. Then she took me to the flotation chamber.

"Hang up your robe inside the door. By the way, the doors don't lock," she said. "You can't get trapped inside." I raised my eyebrows. "Well, some people worry that they might not like it, but there's no need, you can get out whenever you like."

Actually I already knew that. I'd done my research well. Most flotation tanks are just like large coffins, or paddling pools with lids, which was what had inspired me to think of them in terms of rising from the dead in the first place, but the ones at Aquarius were much bigger, the size of plunge pools, with just enough room to stand upright. Even Gerik, my Polish giant, would be able to stretch at his ease in here.

I drifted in silence in ten inches of water so saturated with special mineral salts that I couldn't help but float. It was silent. I could have opted for soothing music, but I hadn't. I could have had relaxing lights too, but I'd gone for complete darkness. It was just like being dead, if death involved

I chose a fig, dipped it in the gooey liquid and ran it along his shaft

I decided to work laterally. What was Easter all about? Religion. Well, there was nothing sexy about that. Chocolate eggs, the Easter Bunny, spring flowers – we'd done all of those. Back to religion: crucifixion. I could tie him to the bed, I supposed, but it hardly seemed sexy – we weren't into that kind of stuff. Rising from the dead. Impossible.

Impossible.
But...

I flicked back through the sites I'd visited. Nothing there. Then I started browsing spas and sites dedicated to personal pampering. Yes!

The next day I went to check out my idea. The Aquarius Flotation Centre was in Knightsbridge, next door to a colonic irrigation clinic, which made a perverse kind of sense. The receptionist took my credit card, issued me with a robe and a big fluffy towel, and showed me to a cubicle

total peace and relaxation. Perfect. After sixty minutes a series of gentle chimes announced that my time was up. There was a neat little shower room to get rid of the minerals, and then it was back to real life.

As soon as I got home I booked a session for Gerik on Easter Monday, using his credit card number. I'd already booked another tank at the same time for myself, and paid in cash. There was nothing to link us in the receptionist's mind, or so I hoped.

WATER BUNNIES

I drove Gerik there on the day, pecked him on the cheek and told him I'd meet him outside in an hour.

"What's this about?" he asked, having expected us to spend the day together as usual.

"Trust me," I said. "You won't believe the effect it has on you. You'll come home a different man."

I lapped at him, tasting the stinging saltiness of the water, and then his own flavour



He frowned, but headed in.

I parked the car, gave him enough time to get into his tank, and followed.

As soon as the girl left me in my cubicle, I slipped out again and stood in the little vestibule. There were three doors apart from mine, and Gerik was behind one of them, floating silently in the dark.

I opened the first door. Stark light bounced out at me. The water was empty. I opened the second door. Deep nothingness. For a second I paused, wondering if I was about to slip into the arms of a complete stranger who would scream the place down, but I couldn't retreat now.

I stepped into the water and lowered myself to my knees, shutting the door behind me. The deep, warm darkness swallowed me up.

"What?" Gerik said.

For a second I wondered whether I should remain anonymous, just a warm mouth closing over his cock in the dark. But then, suppose he tried to strangle me? Even worse, what if he thought I was a stranger and still let me go ahead?

"The Easter Bunny," I said, and ran my hand up his leg.

"Linda?"

I put my free hand over his mouth to shut him up. I continued sliding one hand up and the other down until they met around his cock. He was already hard. I lapped at him, tasting the stinging saltiness of the water, and then his own flavour.

I sucked, feeling his hip bounce against my knees as I drew him into my mouth. The buoyancy of the water meant he couldn't move, there was no leverage, so he had to remain passive, allowing me to do everything, just as if he was really dead. There was nothing passive about the sounds he made though, first harsh breathing, then a series of loud moans and finally gasping, groaning, begging ecstasy as he came in my mouth.

I let his softening shaft slide from my lips and crawled towards the door.

"I expect this to be fully resurrected by the time we get home," I said, reaching out to tweak his cock, and heard him chuckle cheekily in the dark as I shut the cubicle door and headed for the shower.

Next year is his turn. I wonder what he'll come up with? 

THE MOMENT SHE'D BEEN WAITING FOR

A couple gets wet and wild

words: jeremy edwards

images: charlotte thomson

As she walked towards Michael's house, she repeated the mantra in her head: "I have to pee." The thought made her smile, and it also made her pussy tingle. The moment she'd been waiting for, hoping for and planning for was coming – the moment when she'd make an erotic display of wetting her knickers for the man she loved. That moment was now as real, as imminent and as urgent as the gentle pressure that had been making itself felt between her legs for the past half hour.



It had been about five years since Corinne had first realised that needing to pee made her feel sexy, in a way that most things – lingerie, sex toys, porn movies – did not. She had discovered that something about the pressure in her crotch made her feel fully alive. And that the sensuous moment of release could be literally orgasmic, if she focused properly and rode the sensations just right. Every detail, from the first hints of an urge to the lewd caress of tissue across her pussy afterwards, had become something to cherish. And it gave her an additional feeling of satisfaction to know that this was a delight her own body created for her, free of charge. What Corinne relished between her thighs was something no woman needed to go shopping for.

Sometimes she liked to imagine that someone was watching.

anticipation when she saw his eyes light up with passionate fire instead of just kind indulgence.

And when she'd further elaborated, saying that one of her strongest fantasies was to actually wet herself in front of a man, Michael had looked like his eyes were about to pop out of his head.

"Oh my," he'd said softly. "Would you?" His usually-strong voice had practically trembled.

He'd even offered to provide the setting. And to be the one to clean up after.

"You don't have to think about anything except how long you want to hold it and what position you want to do it in," he'd told her with a smile, his hand clutching his cock as he spoke. What a special man he was, Corinne had thought. Why hadn't she brought this up months ago?

but Michael had cleared everything out. He had placed candles on the windowsill to give the normally stark room some mood lighting. It even looked like he'd gone to the effort of mopping the tile floor, which Corinne appreciated but also thought funny, under the circumstances.

The circumstances. She was reminded why she was here, and she felt her knees sink together deliciously and her hand float to her crotch.

"Do you want to take anything off?" Michael asked tenderly, as he watched her sway hypnotically. There was, for some reason, a full-length mirror in this room, and Corinne studied herself, hips swinging sensuously and hand pressed delicately against her feminine pulse. She took stock of her black ribbed turtleneck, her stiff beige miniskirt, her fishnet tights and her chic little heels.

"No," she said. She wanted to feel herself wet through all of it, from her knickers on out. She wanted to feel the watery release spread through these layers from her innermost, intimate flesh. She wanted the flood to seep, spurt and finally rush out of her from an invisible source, so that Michael could enjoy the spectacle of her pissing freely, shaking with a kinky ecstasy, while she was still fully clothed. Another time she would piss in his presence through soft pants alone, then she would bare her pussy entirely and pee for him – maybe even on him – but not tonight.

She couldn't hold it much longer now, and she knew she didn't need to. "I have to pee." She hadn't said it aloud this time, but Michael responded as if she had. "Go ahead, my darling," he breathed.

She felt a drop in her knickers. Then another. She wiggled her arse at this foretaste of the liquid feast to come.

"Go ahead, beautiful. Just release your sweet, wet piss right onto the floor," Michael said encouragingly.

The drops turned to squirts. Each little squirt coincided with a soft "ooh" from her lips – as if the pleasure surprised her. She swayed on her feet, beginning to give in.

"Don't be shy," her lover continued. "Just let yourself go."

Corinne had realised that needing to pee made her feel sexy, in a way that lingerie, sex toys, porn did not

Watching as she crossed her legs and tried to hold it in just a few minutes longer. Watching her nipples harden as she slipped her hands into the waistband of her knickers and prepared to yank them down and greet the water below with her own fresh waters. Watching her close her eyes and finger her clit while the warm rush hissed and dribbled and gushed, and flooded her private world with pleasure.

Since she'd been with Michael, her most persistent fantasy had been to do it for him. She had dreamed that she would eventually be indulged, that one day it would please him to watch her doing something that pleased her so much. She had waited over a year to suggest it. When she had finally done so, Michael's enthusiastic response had been beyond her wildest dreams. Corinne had been beside herself with horny

This momentous conversation had happened only yesterday. And yet their appointment for this evening had seemed unbelievably far away, given Corinne's level of excitement. Now, her hand was on his gate. As she swung it open, she relished the thought of all the layers between her fountain and the outside world. Skirt. Tights. Cotton pants.

"I have to pee," she said to herself for the umpteenth time, savouring the words. They were to become her greeting to him, as he opened his door for her.

"How are you, honey?" he said after an eager kiss.

"I have to pee," she replied, in a voice husky with promise. Michael's smile intensified. He extended his hand and led her to the space he'd prepared. It was a storage room. The tile floor was usually scattered with boxes and stray appliances,

Corinne exploded into a warm wave of total relaxation, before Michael had finished his encouragement. Anything further that he might have said was drowned out by an endless, musical "ahhh" that sang forth from Corinne as she was consumed by ecstasy.

So complete was her rapture that she had to struggle to keep her eyes from closing, to keep her vision focused on the voyeuristic bliss that transformed Michael's face. Corinne could never have imagined so high a level of pleasure. She was raining, raining, raining on his floor, leaking and puddling before his gentle eyes. As her fountain stuttered towards empty, she realised that she wasn't sure when the orgasm had started. And it hadn't yet ended.

When she had finally finished pissing and coming, she just stood there, shaking. A feverish smile hovered on her lips as Michael peeled her sopping clothes down and kissed every inch of her pee-streaked thighs and saturated pussy. She felt herself peeing a little more as he tongued her folds, just a ticklish dribble that set the stage for another thunderous orgasm – which soon sent another kind of wetness splashing onto his face.

She had to struggle to keep her vision focused on the voyeuristic bliss that transformed Michael's face

She was still standing when he fucked her, his solid strength holding her up, enabling her to take him in almost effortlessly. All she had to do was clutch him with her c**t and feel his throbbing hardness express the thrill she had given him. She pressed her arse against his palms and, to her delight, she found herself orgasming again when he shot into his condom inside her.

She woke up the next morning in Michael's room. She remembered being put to bed, exhausted, after a steaming shower. Her laundry had been done, as he'd promised. She felt loved and adored and fulfilled and satisfied.

And she had to pee. ↗



— FAIR TRADE —

A final fling is exactly what Mistress wants

words: wanda von mittens image: charlotte thomson



Jake, my boyfriend of six months, was an obedient slave and an attentive and skilled lover. He was the kind of good looking creature I was proud to have on my arm, yet his lack of imagination meant I'd tired of him. I'd brought him to the hotel for a final fling; my farewell.

The hotel was run by my friend Miranda, a woman after my own heart. It was a female-led house and all its staff and guests followed its female-spun rules. Jake, devoted as he was to dominant women like Miranda and myself, had wanted me to take him there for ages, though he had no idea what I had planned.

As Jake struggled with my heavy bags I told him to get the room ready, and dropped the key to the floor for him to collect. I turned my back on him and walked off to the bar to greet my friends, smiling to myself as I pictured him struggling up two flights of stairs with the unnecessary luggage. Six bags, only one of which had my things inside; the rest were full of metal weights and rags.

I spent twenty minutes chatting with my friends, Miranda among them, before we all went up to our rooms to prepare for the night's party.

Jake knew what I expected from him. All my things were to be neatly packed away, luggage out of sight, and a bath drawn and ready. I was not disappointed, and Jake too was as I wanted him; naked and kneeling in the corner, his eyes to the floor.

I strode over to stand in front of him so that all he could see with his downturned eyes were my feet and ankles. I kicked off my heels and stood in stocking feet, then removed my

jacket and threw it over him, blocking his view. I undressed, leaving my clothes and underwear strewn about the room. I took the jacket off him and lifted his head with two fingers placed firmly under his chin. He could have seen my naked form if he'd been brave enough to look, but I fixed his gaze, supervising what he could see and what he couldn't, and he trembled.

"Wait here for me and don't move an inch until I call for you," I said, my voice a firm whisper. I sank into the bath and enjoyed the peace and the bubbles lapping my skin. When I was done I called for Jake. He stood in the doorway, reluctant to come in, so I lifted my arm and beckoned him the final few feet. He could have peered directly into the soapy waters and seen, among the fading bubbles, my wet thigh, the curved mounds of my breasts, my décolletage, my neck. But of course, he didn't dare.

He held up the towel so that it dropped from just above his eyeline, and there was a gentle ripple, then a cascading waterfall, as I stood in the bath. If he had looked, he'd have seen

so I pressed my body firmly against him and moved my thigh between his legs, feeling his rock hard cock against me.

I leant in close and whispered my farewell surprise in his ear. "I want you to make me come, and, once I have, you're dismissed. Forever."

He shuddered. He'd had no idea this was what I'd planned, and his fear and disappointment were fuel to my fire. I was hot and impatient to use him, his body, his lips, his tongue and his cock. I pulled him through to the bedroom and told him to lie down. I climbed onto the bed and sat on his face. I let him find his way alone at first but soon tired of his technique. I'm so particular about what I like and how I like it. I lifted myself off, sliding my wet c**t down his body, leaving a trail of my juices on his chest, then fixed his gaze once more.

"Like this," I said, as I brought my lips to his and used his mouth as though it were my c**t. I turned around so that my arse was in his face and he began to lick me again, much improved. I turned my attention to his cock and balls. First I raked my nails down his shaft and he winced

control. I was close to coming myself, so for the next few minutes I intensified my mistreatment of his cock; more nails, wicked flicks to the head and squeezes of his balls, one in each hand, with all my strength. My c**t, by then dripping wet, was just the soothing cure his sore and battered cock needed. I allowed him to feel the warm, soft, moistness of my c**t as I slid him inside me. I came quickly and lay breathless at his side. But I remained kind, stroking his hair and wiping the tears from his face. "It's all right," I said softly. "It's not farewell just yet."

We joined my friends in the hotel bar. They had started the party without me. Men in black aprons and nothing more served strawberries and champagne to five exquisitely dressed goddesses. As I entered, a deflated Jake a few paces behind me, the women's faces lit up with wicked smiles.

"A fine looking boy. Tall, slim and handsome, just like you said."

"I'm done with him now. So, which one of you wants him and what shall we trade?" Miranda stood up without

I was close to coming myself, so for the next few minutes I intensified my mistreatment of his cock

trails and droplets of water falling from my body and clusters of soap bubbles clinging to my hips, my calves and my bottom. Instead, he closed the towel around me, his hand brushing against my shoulder fleetingly. I slapped his face hard for having the audacity to touch me, but I wanted to tease him,

and wriggled beneath me, contrary to my instruction not to move, and so I slapped his balls hard with the palm of my hand and he stifled a groan with his mouth still wrapped around my c**t.

I alternated my vicious treatment of his pride and joy with more tender caresses, sensing carefully his level of

a pause and snapped her fingers. One of the boys in black aprons hurried to her side, hands behind his back, eyes to the floor.

"Not as tall, but a little bit younger. A fair trade, wouldn't you say?"

Jake and I shared one last gaze. And we each had a glint in our eye.

CLITERATURE

FIRST TIMERS

Sometimes it's good to do something just because he
wants you to...
words: katie crawley image: charlotte thomson



It's a weird feeling, watching your boyfriend kissing someone else. Under normal circumstances I'd probably be marching right over and yanking her off his face by her hair. Or something. But these aren't usual circumstances. I'm sitting on the floor at their feet and the two of them are wrapped up together on the sofa. I can only watch.

The kiss finishes and they both laugh. Nervous laughter. Mark pats his lap, inviting me up to join them. I hesitate for a moment too long, and he's pulling me up, kissing my mouth. And then he's telling me to kiss Lisa. That's a strange moment. I think she's as nervous as me.

She closes her eyes, but I don't close mine. Can see her face as I tentatively kiss her lips once. Twice. She opens her mouth and her tongue flickers out. Feels nice. I do close my eyes then. Marvel at the softness of her lips. Her cheek against mine. So different to kissing Mark, with his perpetual stubble.

Mark's impatient. Almost as soon as our kiss breaks, he helps me from his lap and stands up. He takes us each in hand and leads us quickly up the stairs to our bedroom.

Getting undressed is strange. Mark is half naked, having pulled off his T-shirt. Is already slipping down his jeans, tugging off his socks. Me and Lisa stand there rather awkwardly, both looking at his hard-on. He smiles, lying back on the bed and stroking his rigid cock, eyes moving from one of us to the other. Looking rather expectant.

Lisa and I look at each other. Smile rather nervously. She's first to start undressing. I watch, riveted, as she pulls off her top and undoes her bra in one fluid motion. Her breasts are full, nipples pert. I think I lick my lips, following suit, pulling off my t-shirt, sliding down my jeans. Once I'm naked, she takes a step towards me. Lifts her fingers to my cheek and brushes back my hair. She kisses me, and I kiss her back. My arms slip about her waist, fingers playing over flesh so smooth and so soft, running down the curve of her backside. Her hand finds my breasts. Squeezes my nipple between her thumb and forefinger, fingers splaying so she can cup my breast. Smaller than hers, it fits

neatly into her hand – but her hands feel small. Gentle.

Mark coughs. Clearly wants some attention – the sound drags me from the trance I've been falling into. Lisa and I go over to the bed, lie down either side of him. He kisses me first. Then her. As she kisses me, he's pushing me by my shoulder down towards his cock. I get the message. I kiss his bulging head, have to smile as it twitches... then frown when Lisa's hand appears to grip him at the very base. But my frown soon melts away. I close my eyes, take him into my mouth and start to suck him with long, deep strokes, rubbing the tip of his manhood on the back of my throat. Lisa's body writhes against Mark's. I try to ignore whatever they are doing.

Her weight shifts, and suddenly her lips are on my cheek, kissing me. Her tongue is out, working over his cock, mingling with mine. But she doesn't stop there. Her lips are back on me. On my neck. Moving down to my breasts. Her tongue flicking at my nipples. Sucking, licking, stroking; her mouth, her hands are all over me. She

I've almost forgotten about Mark beside us. And he seems content to leave us alone for now. He might be saying something else, but again, I miss the words. I'm probably moaning too loudly....

I come. My hips jerk up and I push down hard on the back of Lisa's head. Her tongue is deep inside me when my muscles start to spasm, and she's sucking on my juices hungrily. I can hear the slurping sounds. Her fingers pinch hard at my nipples and the groans that accompany my orgasm become squeals.

I grow still as wave after wave of exquisite pleasure ripples through me... then leaves me. I release the pressure on the back of Lisa's head, though my fingers stay wrapped tightly in her hair. I pull her up, tugging gently as she rises, and guide her body over mine until she's straddling me and our faces are level. We kiss again. I like my taste on her mouth. She's wet all over with my thick excretions. I lick them off, diligently cleaning her, my hands unwinding from her hair and sliding up and down her body, feeling her curves, exploring.

Mark's impatient. He takes us each in hand and leads us up the stairs to our bedroom

continues moving down and down, her hands insistent, rolling me onto my back and parting my thighs. Mark says something, but I don't catch it. The words are drowned out by a deep groan. My groan. Lisa has started to kiss my clit.

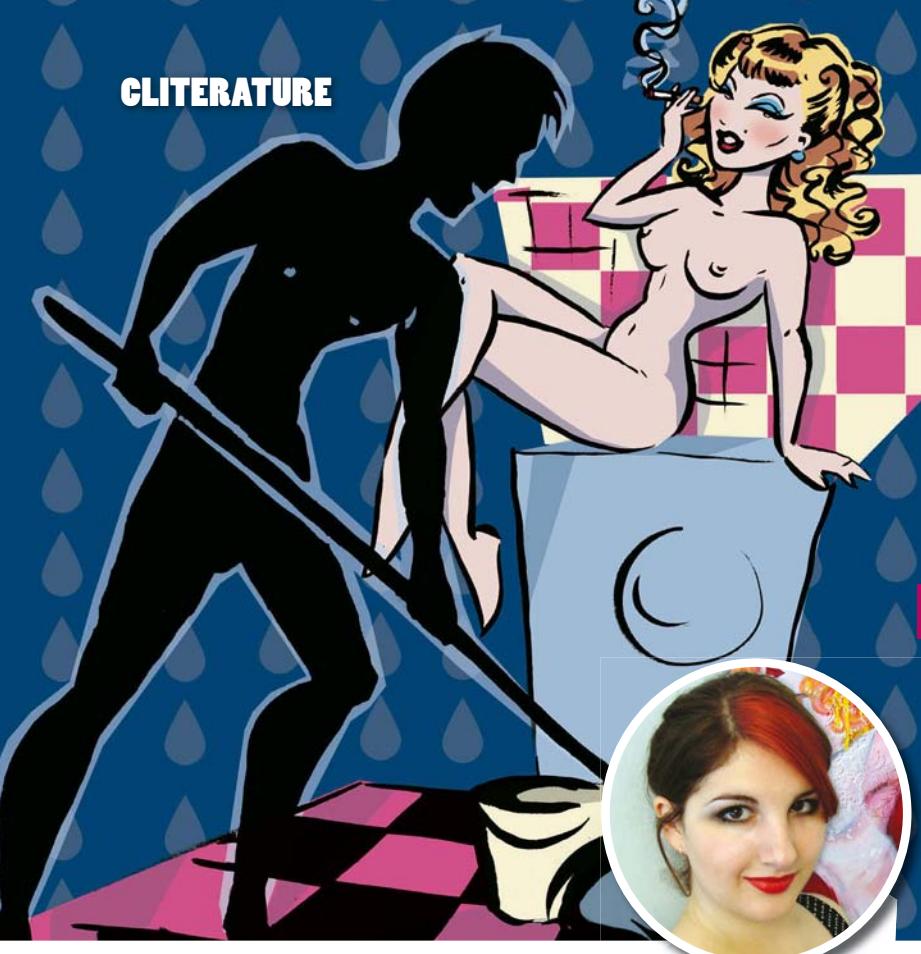
Her tongue works over that most sensitive of areas, parting my lips and delving inside. Her tongue is hot, and her lips; her skin feel so soft against mine. Her hands run up my body, brushing over my stomach and moving up and up until she cups my breasts. Gently squeezing, kneading, rubbing my nipples.

My hips rise and fall, pressing my c**t against her hungry mouth, inviting her to taste me deeply. My hands lower to wrap fingers into her hair, pressing her down as my hips press up, smearing my juices all over her chin. With my back arching and my head pressing down into the mattress,

She presses her hips down, crushing my sensitive, throbbing clit with her own hot sex. I groan again, hands on her buttocks, pressing her down harder.

But Mark is saying something louder now, and Lisa's looking over to him, breaking our kiss to shush him. I look over too. He doesn't sound happy. And then I realise why. I have to laugh aloud. Lisa has somehow secured his wrists to the headboard with the set of handcuffs he keeps there for me. No, he isn't happy at all, clearly wanting some action. Watching me and Lisa doesn't seem to be doing it for him.

Or maybe it's just that he's realised this isn't his treat after all, but rather, mine and hers. Lisa's breath hot on my ear, she whispers that we can have more fun this way. I have to agree... rolling her over to start exploring her body in turn, knowing Mark is a little tied up right now. 



The Talent

Scarlet caught up with this month's guest artist, burlesque scene illustrator **Charlotte Thomson**

Nottingham-based Charlotte is well known for creating art and design for the blooming UK burlesque scene. Her images of the female form are influenced by the fashions of the 1940s and '50s and the Belle Epoque. Her work has been exhibited internationally and featured in publications including *Artists & Illustrators* magazine and *All Allure*, a book of contemporary erotic art. We found out more about what inspires her...

Do you have a muse?

I have a lot of muses, from family and friends to burlesque performers that I've worked with and pin-up girls or screen sirens of the '40s and '50s. I'm doing a lot of collaborative work this year, with jewellery designer Debbie Bryan, local boutiques Eternal Spirits and Kathleen & Liliy, designers Darkwave Art and artist Paul Bowring. I try to work with as many different people as possible to stay inspired; they're all my muses.

Do you use porn?

I wouldn't say I 'use' it, but I get a lot of

amusement from it. My friends recently brought back a stack of messed-up manga porn from their visit to Japan as a souvenir for me. I prefer things with better costumes and art direction!

What's your favourite word for female genitalia?

I probably use 'fanny' most (say it in a Nottingham accent!) – but my favourite word for it has to be 'quim'; it's much under-used in this day and age.

How do you want our readers to react when they see your work?

I want them to smile and see that

there can be warmth, humour and personality in erotic artwork; it's not all tits and arse. I also want them to see themselves in it and enjoy the outfits and the glamour. It's not about sex, it's about teasing and fantasy and fun.

What's your favourite possession?

I collect a lot of vintage underwear, corsets, hats and gloves, which inspire my artwork. Though if I had to save one thing from my burning home it'd be a box of letters and cards from my boyfriend. I've saved everything over the years. I'm a romantic at heart.

•My favourite word has to be 'quim'; it's much under-used in this day and age•

Which word do you find sexy?

I'm very much a visual person and a scenario person. I can't think of one word – it'd have to be a word or sentence used in context!

What was the last thing you fantasised about?

That would be telling! I'm fond of tall men in overalls and doctors' coats – take from that what you will. But I mostly have sad fantasies about finding a vintage bargain in a charity shop or buying art materials.

Scarlet is seen as a controversial publication. What made you want to get into bed with us?

I like a bit of controversy. My work is about celebrating femininity and being a sexy woman, so that seems to fit well with Scarlet's ethos. My work isn't simply about 'sex', which is a common misconception. I find it funny that people see women celebrating being themselves as more controversial than men celebrating women in lads' mags.

Are your pieces inspired by your own sexual fantasies?

Not so much fantasies, but all the things that I'm passionate about: vintage clothing, curvy confident women, glamour and dressing up.

What do you think is the sexiest part of the body?

In my artwork, anything curvy! For me, a fellas' smile is the best. 

Visit www.CharlotteThomson.co.uk or call 07825 090304 for more info about her work.

Calling all artists: Would you like to illustrate an issue of Cliterature? Contact Sophie@ScarletMagazine.co.uk



NOW YOU CAN GET IT WHEREVER YOU
ARE AND WHENEVER YOU WANT
**SUBSCRIBE TO SCARLET TODAY TO
SAVE 30%**



Download on the
App Store



ANDROID APP ON
Google™ play

Scarlet pleasure aunts...

ARE HERE TO SORT OUT YOUR PROBLEMS

Every month our Pleasure Aunts Flic Everett and Dr Pam Spurr are joined by a special guest. This issue, GMTV's **Pleasure Professor Louise Van der Velde** completes the team

MEET THE PANEL



LOUISE

Louise Van der Velde helps people change their lives using healing therapies, psychic abilities and mind techniques. For more information see LouiseVanDerVelde.co.uk



DR PAM

Dr Pam Spurr is resident sex and relationships expert on MSN and is the author of *Fabulous Foreplay – The Sex Doctor's Guide To Teasing And Pleasing Your Lover* (J R Books).



FLIC

Flic Everett is in-house sex and relationships advisor at Company magazine and author of *Sex Tips For Girls* (Channel 4 Books) and *How To Be A Sex Goddess* (Curlywilly).

What's your problem? Email your sex and relationship dilemmas to PleasureAunts@ScarletMagazine.co.uk. If chosen, questions and answers will be printed here.

ANAL: HITTING A BUM NOTE

Anal, anal, anal! It's all I ever hear about from my bloke. He wants it, and I just don't. So what's causing guys' current obsession with having bum sex? And are most women giving in to the pressure? I'm 32 and 10 years ago I wasn't hearing all this dirty arse talk. Should I do it just because everyone else seems to? Perhaps I really am missing out. **Samantha, Southampton**

LOUISE SAYS: As porn sweeps the net and images of 'anal, anal, anal' fill our screens, not to mention the nation's magazines, it's hardly surprising that guys are wanting to give it a go. My own advice would be to try anything once – otherwise how do you know you don't like it? Say to your guy you're willing to explore anal play, but only if he opens up as well. Begin with some well-lubricated fingers. Probe gently inside his anus while you enjoy giving oral sex. Try to find his G-spot: it's behind the pelvic bone about two inches up – you'll be able to feel a mass that flexes and gets harder and harder as he's about to come. Stroke the G-spot using your index finger in a come-here type of motion, which can give him mind-blowing orgasms if you hit the right spot. Opening both of your minds could lead to all sorts of new sensations, but if you still don't like it after persevering through that initial uncomfortable phase then stop there. If you do enjoy it carry on and enjoy the Full Monty, with him and a toy filling every part of you.

PAM SAYS: Don't do it simply because you think that everyone else is. That's the problem with sex nowadays – everyone feels under pressure because of all sorts

of different things. Good sex is all about doing what you want to do and what you enjoy – and reaching a compromise with your partner over both of your likes and dislikes. Interest in anal sex has surged because people are talking about it more openly. Ask if he'd like you to do him with a strap-on. If he's not prepared to receive anal, then ask why you should. If he does want to be taken anally, you can then say you'll let him do a little bit of exploration with his fingers and lots of lubricant. One very easy way to do this is for him to slip a couple of his fingers into a lubricated condom and then, using extra lubricant, tease and tickle you there. But never give in to anal if it doesn't float your boat.

FLIC SAYS: I agree with Louise that it's become a big issue because of the wider availability of porn on the internet, which offers the wildest permutations of sex at the click of a mouse. So many men end up thinking, "Cor, that looks good. Why aren't I doing that?", and giving women grief about it. In reality, there's not much benefit in anal for women in my opinion – so unless you feel like giving till it hurts, I'd suggest to your man to keep it strictly as a fantasy and leave your arse out of it.

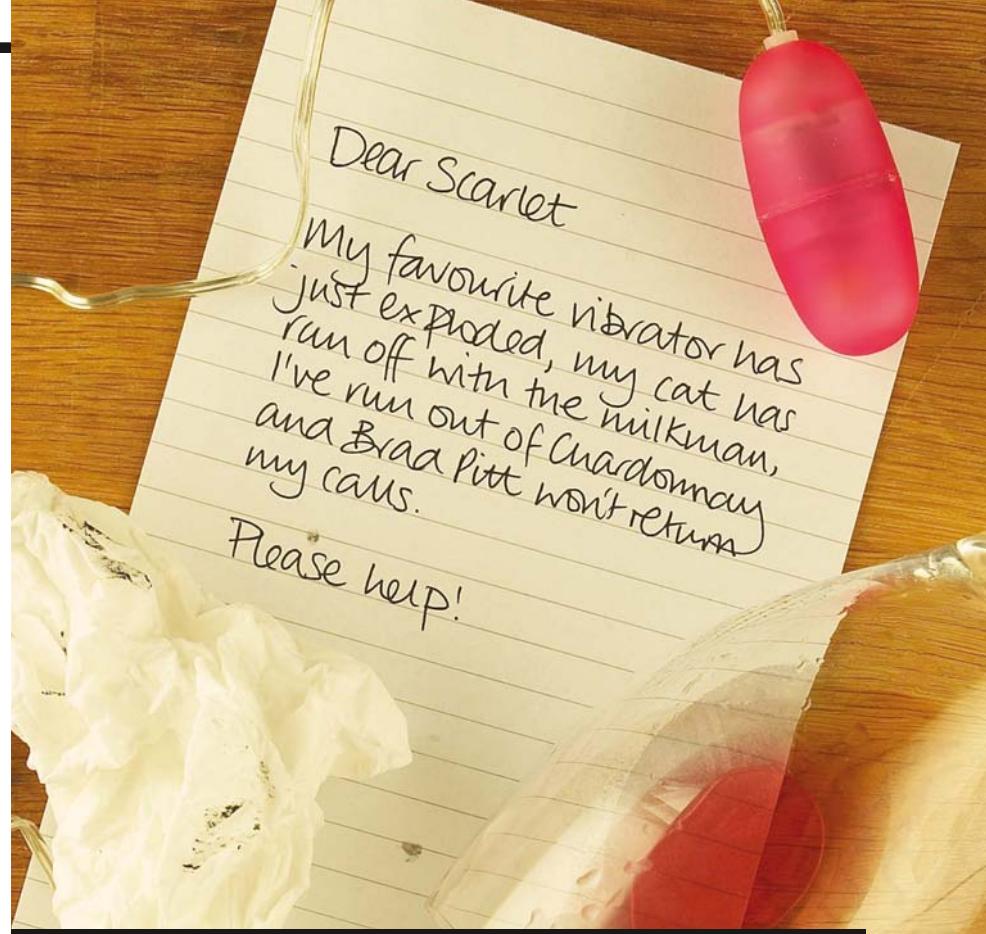
HE'S NOT UP FOR IT

My husband and I are 28 and have been together for 10 years. I'm as interested in sex as ever, but he's lost his libido. I've tried it all: dressing up, sensual massage, backing off – you name it. When I try to talk about it he gets moody and I feel I've knocked his confidence. I'm worried I'm heading towards an affair that'll ruin our relationship, although the lack of passion is spoiling it for me already. My husband has no work stress. He's fit. He eats and sleeps well. In fact, in all other areas he's pretty fine! **Sophie, Coventry**

LOUISE SAYS: Have you tried introducing some porn into the bedroom? Or talking about a threesome to get his imagination going? I would also get him to see a GP for a testosterone check. Testosterone levels lower dramatically for some men after their peak years, and a small supplement might solve the problem. Or there are some great herbal remedies on the market too, such as Viapro (priced at £7.99 for two capsules, SexualSupplement.co.uk). These have great results in increasing libido. Tell him that if he doesn't do his best to get this sorted you may well be tempted to look elsewhere. He can then make an informed choice to step up and make a big effort – or not.

PAM SAYS: Once some men enter their 'comfort zone' – they're in love and their relationship is ticking over nicely – sex just isn't something that interests them much. Unfortunately he sounds slightly passive-aggressive as he's getting moody when you raise the subject. He needs to learn to communicate more with you. Choose an evening when you won't get interrupted. Ask him what he thinks your relationship is based on – trust, respect, communication? When he starts talking, let him know you feel a lack of respect when he refuses to discuss sex with you. Couples' counselling is the next step if he won't open up.

FLIC SAYS: The most likely reason for this is sexual boredom. The most worrying is that he's been having an affair. Things won't improve until he starts to open up. You've been jumping through hoops in trying to please him, but it's obvious that the issue isn't down to you. So whether he's craving novelty, secretly addicted to porn, worried he's losing his looks, or it's something else, there's nothing you can do about it until he talks. It's OK to worry about his confidence, but consider what this is doing to yours. It may be time for you to pay a visit to Relate, because at the age of 28 you can't swear off sex forever – and neither can he. 



TROUBLESHOOTER



Scarlet editor **Sarah Hedley** gives some fast answers to your quickfire questions this month

- **My boyfriend would often prefer to watch porn than have sex with me, and I'm not up for joining in. How can I make him realise I've got more to offer him than the TV does?**

If watching porn flicks is getting in the way of your man living his life, he may well have a porn addiction. Besides avoiding real sex, is he cancelling meetings with friends so that he can stay in and watch porn? And is he getting in to work late because he's been viewing the latest dirty downloads? Is he spending more money on adult films than he can afford? If the answer to all the above is yes, it's likely he has an addiction and should seek professional help via Relate (call 0300 1001234 for your nearest centre). But if it's no, then maybe he's relying on porn to help him

get erect. For a lot of men, it's not always as easy as we think it is. Talk to him about it – but try to do it tactfully, thinking about how you'd feel if the only way you could reach an orgasm was by using a vibrator and he didn't want any part of that. Finally, have a sneaky peek at StrictlyBroadband.co.uk. They have a huge selection of female-friendly adult flicks and one may just propel you into a love affair with porn so that you can share a few intimate movie moments with your man.

- **My bloke has a huge penis. How can I make sex more comfortable?**
- As a general rule of thumb (or should that be penis?), the closer your knees are to your chest in any position, the deeper he will be able to penetrate you, so opt for positions where your legs are straight – missionary

with your legs stretched out; rear entry with you lying flat on your stomach rather than being perched on all fours, and so on. Another key ingredient to comfortable sex is lubricant. Check out the selection of fun brands on IDLube.co.uk.

- **My boyfriend has two loves – me and his cat. I don't mind cats, but he lets it get onto the bed when we have sex. I've tried shutting it out but he lets it in again when it starts howling outside. How can I tell him the only pussy I want in on the act is mine?**

Explain that this third party is making you feel extremely uncomfortable to the point that it's putting you off sex – if he still puts his spoilt mog before your sexual needs, or indeed his own, then he's probably better suited to the life of a spinster.



voice of experience

When **Helen Whitaker**'s man asked her to move to Hollywood, did she get the movie-style happy ending that she hoped for?

I vented my unhappiness over small annoyances, in totally disproportionate rages – like the time I threatened to go home if our cable TV wasn't connected within the week.

Big screen romance has always taught us that the challenge lies in *getting* a man. That once we get past the initial boy-meets-girl scene and untangle a few difficulties (rows, misunderstandings, not being that into him) it's then all plain sailing to a film-perfect ending. But in real life the credits don't roll once you score an 'I love you' and it's only when your relationship is put to the test that you find out if you're destined to become a Brangelina-sized power couple or a Jennifer-style failure.

A case in point: Boy meets Girl. They fall in love, and move in together within six months. It's easy; almost too easy. Then Boy is offered a job in Los Angeles and asks Girl to go with him – a grand gesture if ever there was one. But this isn't a film, and the girl is – or was – me. It was a wonderful, career-enhancing opportunity for him and could've been a career-killing, independence-destroying sacrifice for me. I'd always wanted to travel, but on my own terms, not through riding the coat-tails of my other half. Should I really ditch my London life and job on a glossy magazine for love?

After many drawn out scenes (any decent film editor would have thrown the lot on the cutting room floor) I decided to follow my leading man to La-La Land. I'd always wanted to be a freelance writer with enough time to write a novel. Both things, I told myself, I could do from California, especially with my boyfriend's new income to help with my half of the rent. So, clutching a handful of contacts, I boarded a plane.

But once we arrived, the doubts kicked in. Along with the stress of finding somewhere affordable to live and my boyfriend's long hours, the freelancing game wasn't as easy to play as I'd expected. Never mind that we were in one of the most vibrant, 'can-do' cities in the world – when your career isn't taking

off, you don't know a soul and your boyfriend's working his sixth late night in a row, it doesn't feel like you're in the land of opportunity.

Five weeks in, I was convinced it was all a terrible mistake. Without going into an office every day I became insecure and clingy. My boyfriend was doing his best to help me settle in, but he bore the brunt of my unhappiness, which I usually vented over small annoyances, in totally disproportionate rages. Like the time I threatened to go home if our cable TV wasn't connected within the week.

But once I realised that 'getting out there' applies to meeting potential new friends as well as men, I actually started making some. All my friends back home were former colleagues or people I'd known since school, whereas here I had to join clubs, or swallow my pride and look up friends of friends. Once, during an assignment to interview a famous-ish LA-based model, she suggested we should 'do coffee' sometime. The old me would have assumed she was just being polite. The LA me reasoned that maybe she was, but thought 'so what?', took her number and called anyway. Ultimately, there wasn't one clear-cut moment when I decided I'd made the right choice; I just gradually stopped thinking I'd made the wrong one.

So how did our script play out? Well, there's nothing like being a friendless duo in a new city to inspire an 'us against the world' attitude. Ultimately, it's made our relationship a lot stronger, though that's not to say I don't sometimes wonder, if the situation was reversed, whether he'd give everything up for me. But then, I've never been a fan of those neatly tied up ninety-minute romcoms. For a story to be a true epic there's always got to be room for a sequel. 

